

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 6, No. 17

{ The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors, }
Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, MARCH 18, 1893.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. } Whole No. 277
Per Annum (in advance), \$2.

Around Town.

While writing last week of combines to benefit various classes of the community, I took occasion to mention the fact that doctors and lawyers were probably the best protected of any sections of the community, and that clergy men were apparently struggling into line to look after their own interests. No matter what we may say about the gentlemen who manufacture binder twine and control the output of anthracite coal, and are deemed qualified to take charge of litigation and practice medicine, it has remained for the Ontario College of Pharmacy to propose the most bald-headed bill yet presented to the public. People like gall and admire colossal nerve, but I am quite sure that this act which the Legislature is to be asked to pass will be really too strong a dose for anybody who does not keep a drug store. We all know there are too many druggists, yet those of us who have the misfortune not to be druggists never hold conventions and pass resolutions to the effect that men who sell medicines do more harm than good and should be taken out and hanged, consequently it seems reasonable that they should not meet in conclave and say in effect that the public can be dog-goned as far as they are concerned, and that they propose to make money no matter who suffers. The druggist has a good deal of protection now and many of them make considerable more money selling whisky than the majority of people give them credit for. I am not complaining that they charge five or six hundred per cent. profit, for I know that they have rent and many expenses to bear, and the amount sold is not very large and the responsibility of compounding medicines not inconsiderable. We are also aware that it is a gentlemanly business, and has attracted a large number of young men, who are continually going into business on their own account. All this is the druggist's funeral, not ours. He can put up a job with the family doctor and can afford to pay a commission on all prescriptions sent to him, unless the family doctor happens to be too conscientious. In fact, the druggist who is smart enough to build up a business is smart enough to make a great deal of money and has unexampled opportunities of doing it. The people have made no complaint. In some countries when you send a prescription to a drug store the druggist must copy the prescription and send the original one back to you so that you can go to some other shop and get the next mixture if you so desire. In some countries he would be put in jail if he charged as much as he does in this country. In some countries *aqua ad* is never permitted in the prescription; the bottle must go to the purchaser containing nothing but medicines, and the customer can *aqua ad* just as he pleases or according to directions. In this way the public are never deceived by getting five cents' worth of drugs and ninety-five cents' worth of water in a pint bottle. Nobody has clamored for these regulations, many of which would be of benefit to the Canadian consumer. I am not now taking up the subject in any spirit of factious opposition to the druggist, for I am always pleased to see craftsmen of every sort making a good living. When, however, the combined druggists of Ontario endeavor to slide a bill through the Legislature such as the one which is now being fathered by the Ontario College of Pharmacy, it is time for someone to raise his voice in opposition.

Listen to the substance of some of the paragraphs of this brazen attempt to corner the medicine business. (1) Nobody but a registered druggist can sell medicine of any kind. In fact, nobody but a druggist can sell Paris green or London purple within five miles of a drug store conducted by a registered druggist, and nobody can buy it unless he is identified under the Poisons Act and goes through all the performance of buying a deadly drug. (2) Nobody can sell patent medicines anywhere, except a druggist. This strikes at every country store and cross-roads postoffice in the province and is intended to feed the druggist and the doctor. If man, woman or child has a cough he or she cannot buy the well known remedies without going to a drug store. If a child has cramps in the night, no countryman can buy one of the old reliable liniments or pain killers at the nearest store. He must go for a doctor or ride until he finds a drug store. (3) When he gets to the drug store he must be identified. If the medicine he wants has any poison in it, no matter how small a quantity it may be; if his purchase is nothing but a pain killer or a soothing syrup it must be labeled "Poison" and he must go through as much performance as if he were buying strychnine. Of course this is intended to kill the patent medicine dealer and give the druggist a chance to make up a prescription of his own, which is more apt to be poisonous and less apt to be carefully proportioned than the stuff that is made in big factories. If a farmer wants to buy Paris green to kill potato bugs he will have to be pranced through the Poisons Act, and if he is within four miles and three quarters of a drug store he must go to it for his material, though a corner grocery is situated on his own farm. (4) A doctor cannot keep a drug store unless he is registered under the Pharmacy Act. In fact, it seems to me that he cannot dispense his own medicines, but must send his prescription to a druggist in all incorporated cities and towns.

Now this whole business is intended to work hardship on the purchasing public and to benefit the druggist. If the Legislature of Ontario has not more sense than to pass it, it will prove itself the colossal aggregation of

asses on this continent. If everything that has the slightest particle of poison is to be marked as poison, the hotelkeeper will cease to sell whisky, because there is poison in that; the tobacconist will be prevented from selling tobacco, for nicotine is one of the most poisonous substances in the world. Washing compounds, soaps, cosmetics, and nearly all articles that you can enumerate contain poisons, and if Mr. Druggist is to have everything within his clutches that has a poison in it, if he is to make every patent medicine dealer paste a big label of "Poison" on every bottle, we might just as well give him the province at once. Why, the druggist would have charge of the waterworks, for it has been demonstrated that there is poison in the water supplied to the citizens. There is sometimes poison in the air, but have we to go to a drug store in order to take in our daily share of air? The whole act is a crazy attempt,

dition that we have to set a large number of people to watch the remainder in order to prevent suicide and murder, why should not the hardware man take the name and address of everybody who buys a piece of rope for we know that hanging is a favorite route from this world into the next. If the suicidal mania must be guarded against, why should people be permitted to buy knives and razors without leaving their name and address and the exact purpose for which they propose to use the knife? But how are we to guard ourselves against suicides who, unable to obtain poison and rope and knives, will throw themselves in front of railway engines? Why of course we must stop railway engines, trolley cars and buzz saws in factories. But this would not obviate the evil, for a great many people drown themselves when they get tired of life. Must we build a fence around Lake Ontario and put a roof over Niagara Falls and every little swim-

have no means of reaching the world's markets, neither consuls nor commercial agencies, and we must pay full price for producing a pattern or a picture which at best will not be bought by over fifty thousand people, while Germany, France, England, and perhaps Switzerland have a market for each design reaching the world over.

It is rubbish to talk about our competing in such a contest. I have an example in point. On Tuesday I bought from the agent of the German house which has done our Christmas pictures for the last two years, a charming piece of color by Munoz, a Spanish artist in Paris, a man who has more than once won a medal in the Academy. When the original was sent to us I invited fifteen or twenty gentlemen in to see it, and it was proclaimed one of the warmest and most delight-

right for the drying of inks on delicate picture. This makes no difference to the gentlemen who have charge of the Customs Department in Canada and the United States; we must pay for good pictures and good work through the nose. Canada is the only country on earth where art is brought in by the pound and where artistic things must be paid for as if they were patent medicine advertisements.

No newspaper man knowing the inequalities of this so-called national policy, knowing what grievous afflictions are made upon those who ought to be commended as adding something to the culture of the country, can fail to sympathize with D'Alton McCarthy when he advocates the admittance into Canada of such things as are foreign to the soil and British goods in general, on an altogether different basis to that which applies to the United States. Try as we may, we cannot grow or make in this country, without oppression to the consumer, many things which are required. The making of agricultural implements, steam engines, woodenware and everything that is natural to the soil, demands protection, for the United States occupies an even footing with us. Therefore what we need to protect ourselves against is Yankeeedom, not the world. The similarity of circumstances and market makes the American production a menace to our manufacturers. Again, it must be apparent to every thoughtful person that without oppressing the consumer we cannot protect ourselves against the cheaper labor and cheaper living of the European artisan, who makes nothing that we have particular facilities for making or marketing. On this ground D'Alton McCarthy occupies an unassailable position.

On another ground D'Alton McCarthy occupies a strong position. He is not a hanger-on of the Government; he is not looking for favors. French Canada and the manufacturing influence of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces is sufficiently strong to keep him from being a dominant influence, but I believe in him sufficiently to be of the opinion that he is striving after the country's good rather than his own advancement. This being the case it worries me, and I believe it worries the general public, to have newspapers parade the speeches of political parasites as a sufficient answer to D'Alton McCarthy. When men are put up to answer D'Alton McCarthy whose bread and butter depends upon the party, it is a sign that good men are not anxious to engage in the controversy. If the people knew whose money made it possible for such men to sit in Parliament they might perhaps have less confidence in, less sympathy with the flamboyant oratory of advocates who live, move and have their being as creatures of a party. We know D'Alton McCarthy has no strings to him of this sort; he is not pulled by men who support him; he is not controlled by those who pay his salary; we know that he is not the chance production of a close and corrupt constituency, and consequently we have more belief in him than we have in some of the men who are put up to oppose him. Canada is getting tired of this henchman business. So far has it gone that we can hardly tell who is an advocate of the people and who is the attorney of special interests. D'Alton McCarthy's strength centers in the fact that he, as a politician, is not the paid advocate of any section willing to corrupt the people and pervert the truth for the sake of achieving a doubtful success, and as such he shall not be without strong friends.

The scheme to spend ten thousand dollars in advertising Toronto at the World's Fair seems to me a very immature and crudely devised affair. That ten thousand dollars could be profitably spent in advertising Toronto and attracting visitors is obvious, but that it is likely to be well done is not so clear. Issuing pamphlets and that sort of thing is a poor means of attracting people. When I was in the daily newspaper business I remember that the circulation of my paper was probably five hundred less during the Industrial Exhibition than at other times. Of the fact that people read it less carefully I am quite certain. People on an exhibition ground are having lithographs, and cards, and advertisements, and circulars, and a thousand different things thrust into their hands and pockets, and when they get home they take them all out and throw them away. The hundreds of thousands of cards scattered on a fair ground are sufficient indication to business men that the card as a means of advertising is of little use. The refusal of people to buy newspapers on such an occasion is also an indication which should not be disregarded. People generally select these periods in which to advertise their businesses, yet it is the worst time in the whole year. Conspicuous displays if they are sufficiently striking are valuable, but good business men will not spend their money in circulars or cards, or anything of that sort, during Exhibition week. It is almost entirely wasted; few read the matter; but few take the stuff home, there is such a surfeit of it. The time to advertise is when people are willing to read and have time to read. If every ship coming to America is supplied with entertaining literature with regard to Toronto it will be of use, because there is time and a tendency to read on the ship. With proper management a thousand dollars would do this. Where the balance of the literature can be put with benefit is a conundrum to me.

That dreadful affair near Collingwood, in which the mother and daughter of one Jennie

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PRETTY MARY.

a palpable, clumsy attempt to seize upon privileges in excess of anything that should be granted to any body of men. If there are too many druggists let them hold a convention and draw lots and kill off the superfluous quantity, but for heaven's sake do not try to poison the whole gang on a long-suffering public.

Of course the public are expected to welcome this amendment of the Pharmacy Act as a whole-souled and self-sacrificing attempt on the part of the druggists to restrain people from suicide and murder. Just how the labeling of a bottle of soothing syrup or cough compound as poison is to prevent either of these crimes, is not apparent. But I suppose there have been babies dosed to death with soothing syrup and silly people may have ruined their digestion by taking too many patented compounds. What good, however, can be accomplished by the customer writing his name in a book when he buys a simple drug is hard to conceive, though the druggist would have us believe that it is an easy and cheap way to trace criminals. Now if this country has arrived at such a critical con-

dition in the province in order to prevent people from jumping in? Even if we did this, there are lots of other ways of quitting the Here for the Hereafter, such as charcoal and falling into a well. The whole thing is too absurd to be funny. It is so selfish, so obviously a piece of class legislation that the people who read and understand the bill outside of the Legislature will wonder that any sane man could be found to introduce it.

D'Alton McCarthy's speech on tariff reform was not to my mind entirely conclusive, yet it was an excellent and well thought-out attack upon the protectionist theory as developed during the last few years in Canada. D'Alton McCarthy understands, and many others are not wanting in a proper conception of, the recent Canadian idea that protection means an opportunity for a man to start a business which can never find root in this country, but which may be an excuse to levy taxes on the consumer. This at best is a small market. Struggle as we may, we cannot produce patterns, models or textiles for the world. We

find things that had ever come to this country. I should be very glad to give it to Canadian lithographers to do, but we cannot possibly produce the work. In the first place, labor is more expensive here than in Germany, and for some occult reason the results are not as good. This may be said to be unpatriotic, yet the greatest fine art lithographers of the world have the matter in hand and they are doing the pictures for the illustrated papers of London; they often do the pictures for the illustrated papers of France, not because France loves Germany but because German lithography is the best in the world. The protection of commercial lithography is proper; the protection which makes us pay and makes the consumer of Canada pay six cents a pound and twenty per cent. *ad valorem* on such art pictures, is a mistake; it is an extortion, as the colored supplements of foreign papers come in free. It may seem strange, yet it is a fact, that even French and German art fails to find proper surroundings and circumstances in certain classes of work which are done in Algiers, because the climate is just

A Christian Idolator.

Written for Saturday Night by the Rev. J. Smiley, M. A.

"Is there anything the matter with your coffee?"

They were seated at the breakfast table, she flushed and excited, he munching his muffins and toast with the utmost deliberation and apparent enjoyment, but he had only taken one sip of the coffee.

"Let me give you a fresh cup; it must be cold." She tried to speak naturally but there was an eagerness and yet a constraint in her tones betraying only partially suppressed emotion.

She had arisen as she spoke to suit the action to the words, but he placed one hand over the cup as he remarked: "Just a moment, please. I have a curious fancy. There may be nothing in it, but I would like to make an experiment."

As he spoke he arose, and approaching the side-board selected a half-empty medicine phial, then turned as if to resume his seat at the table.

Scarcely had his back been turned, however, before his wife snatched at the cup, but in her eagerness to seize it overturned it, and most of its contents fell upon and saturated his table napkin, which had fallen from his lap to the floor.

With the utmost deliberation he picked up the napkin, emptied the phial, rinsed it out, wrung out the coffee from the napkin into a tumbler, transferred it to the bottle, corked it, put it in his vest pocket, and resumed his place at the table.

"Now, my dear, I will take another cup of coffee, please."

His wife had been looking on meanwhile at his deliberate movements. There was not the least sign of mental perturbation about him. The hand that poured the liquid from the tumbler into the phial was just as steady as if it had been measuring a dose of medicine drop by drop.

As for her, she was almost lurid in her pallor, and speechless. Twice she had tried to address him but she could not utter a sound. And now as she essayed to pour out his coffee her hands trembled so that the saucer received as much as the cup, and even the tray came in for its quota.

The husband gave no sign, however, that he noticed any of these things, and when finally the cup was handed to him he remarked after tasting it, "Ah! that is better," drank it eagerly, passed for another, even smiling at her as he did so, praised the muffins and the toast, seemed anxious to set her at ease, and thus finished his breakfast in good shape.

After a half hour with his pipe and his morning paper he prepared to go out as usual, but his wife intercepted him in the hall, still quivering with emotion. There was contrition in her eye and a pleading tone in her voice as she asked the question, standing in front of him with a hand resting on either shoulder:

"Hector, what are you going to do with the bottle?"

"I will tell you when I come back, love," and he stooped down and kissed her.

"O please, Hector, give it to me. Please, please give it to me. I will never ask you for another favor as long as I live."

"It would be of no use to you, goose. I have told you I wanted it for an experiment. You shall have it when I return if you wish—there, there, don't take on so. Remember I am your husband and I love you, and whatever happens I will protect you from harm and shield you with my life if necessary."

Gently he disengaged the arms which had clasped him around the neck, gently he raised the head which had buried its face on his bosom, gently he led her to a sofa, seated her, and, with another tender caress, left her sobbing as if her heart would break.

Hector Cameron was a commercial traveler for a dry-goods house. His three years of married life had panned out to him—what? Two months of bliss, ten months of unsatisfied longings and two years of self-suppression.

But let not the unmarried imagine this to be an ordinary or a common experience. There are multitudes of homes in which after twenty or fifty years of married life every moon is a honeymoon, and the last one brighter and better than any of its predecessors. If this were not an exceptional case this story had never been written.

Nettie Burlingham was a belle, a beauty, and reputed to be an heiress. This was a strong combination.

Was she vain, extravagant, selfish, shallow, heartless? She might be all these and yet a belle, a beauty and an heiress. But love does not pry too closely into interiors; in fact, it is incapable of doing so, for is it not blind?

And Hector Cameron was in love.

With whom was he in love? The aforesaid Nettie Burlingham, the daughter of a retired farmer, their only child. Living contiguous to Toronto, the glamor of city life had even in her early days cast a spell over her. She had an aunt and some cousins in the city with whom she spent a good deal of her time, her intervals at home being utilized for all they were worth in persuading her parents to sell out and move into the city.

And she had succeeded. The homestead in Vaughan with two hundred acres had realized fourteen thousand dollars, the stock and implements twelve hundred more.

He put the price of his farm into two semi-detached houses. In one of these he lived, putting his farm stock and implements into it as furniture. The other he rented for forty dollars a month. This was in the days of the boom. Nettie possessed the whole thing. She would make a show of wealth equal to the best of those with whom she associated or perished in the attempt.

Forty dollars a month seemed an ample income to a farmer, who imagined he had never spent half that amount in his life before. But in twelve months he was in debt to the coal and wood man, and to the grocer and butcher. There were fifty dollars of taxes due and nothing to meet them with. He was still in debt for the seal mantle Nettie had purchased at Christmas. He must have more money.

It was easy in mortgage. At first he thought

of a thousand dollars. But it was just as easy to get five thousand as one, and he could invest the balance and it would rise. In a year it might be double or treble that amount. It was a fascinating picture.

He borrowed five thousand and bought a block of houses, assuming mortgages for twenty five thousand. These had depreciated till the rents would not pay the interest, and the places would not realize the amount of the mortgages against them.

This was what his daughter was heirless to. Hector Cameron did not know this. Even if he had, it would have made no difference, for have we not said he was in love?

With what was he in love? Did ever anyone in love stop to analyze the matter along that line? There was a pretty face, set in a profusion of golden hair, such as wherever found guarantees the purity of the complexion. There was a rippling laugh that would ring out frequently with apparently nothing to excite it. There was a dimple in her chin when she smiled. There was a twinkle in her eye when she was amused such as no other eye ever twinkled, at least in her lover's estimation. And this was about all she had. Was this enough to hold a man's affections and satisfy his soul? Had she a mind? Had he ever heard her express a lofty thought? Did she cherish any noble ambitions or aspirations? Had she a soul? Was it as fair as her body? She could say pleasant little nothings in a very fascinating manner to a person who was in love, but did she ever grapple with a serious thought? These questions it never occurred to Hector Cameron to ask himself.

All he knew or cared to know was that he was in love, and she was the woman he loved, and if he could win her she could transform his earth to heaven. His love was almost worship. He was a Christian idolator. There are many such.

The only drop of gall in his cup was the fear that she did not love him. She was kind and good to him, and seemed pleased with his attentions, but a dozen men could say the same thing about her. She treated all about alike—all but one.

Jasper Congdon was the one. He was a man about town, always dressed in the best that the tailor could furnish. How he made a living nobody knew. Some hinted that he gambled. Others said he had an allowance from the Old Country. He lounged around the clubs; he spent his afternoons on the promenade south side of King street. The men voted him a scamp; the ladies thought him ever so nice. The principal business of his life seemed to be the effort to "cut out" anyone in his own circle as soon as he became particularly attentive to a lady of his acquaintance. Then he would boast of it. It was said that he would even boast of his conquests among married women.

And this was the man whom Nettie favored. He was such a perfect gentleman, so entertaining, so deferential, so liberal with his money, so unlike and so superior to many others of her friends that the little gossip took a pleasure in trying to make them jealous.

If Jasper Congdon had proposed she would have accepted him. But he didn't, nor did he seem inclined to.

Hector Cameron did propose; she accepted him, and he was happy.

Did she love him? Who shall say? Certain it is that she not only accepted, but seemed to encourage attentions from other gentlemen after her engagement the same as before. And Jasper Congdon was even more attentive than before.

And her fiancé remonstrated, just once. He never tried it again.

"O, you're jealous!" she had hissed. "I never could marry a jealous man. I'm glad I found it out in time. Take back your ring. You are a regular blue-beard already; what would you be after a while?"

This was the first ebullition of temper he had seen. But he would not accept his freedom. He apologized, craved her pardon, promised he would never offend her again, and only after a long and almost despairing effort made it up.

In three months they were married. They spent the most of it in fairyland, among the lakes of Muskoka, and were blissfully happy.

But business demands are imperative. He could not drag his wife around the country and do business at the same time.

She pleaded, however, to be taken with him. He only laughed.

"But I'm afraid to be left alone, I really am." The tears were in her eyes.

"You little goose, what are you afraid of? I shall only be gone a week, or at most ten days at a time. I would have to leave you alone part of the time, anyway, and among strangers at that, if I took you with me."

"But I am really afraid all the same. Afraid of—of—Mr. Congdon. I believe he is a bad man, and I never want to see him again. But I am afraid I can't shake him off."

For reply he took her in his arms and hugged her like a grizzly bear, covering every speck of her face with kisses.

"You darling, you shall live at home with your parents while I am gone. You have made me very happy indeed."

It takes but a very little thing sometimes to raise a man to the very pinnacle of heaven, or thrust him down to hell.

And so it was arranged. He would allow her ten dollars a week for board and spending money, and if that were not enough she need never be afraid to write or ask him for more. He would ask no questions.

In spite of this assurance, he was surprised to receive three or four requests for money during the first year. First twenty, then thirty, then fifty dollars.

But he asked no questions. At first he thought her fondness for dress, or the temptations of the jeweler's windows were at the bottom of it, but as he could see no sign either about her person or in the knock-knacks around home of new purchases, he could not help wondering what she was doing with it.

This was continued during the second year with even greater frequency and urgency. Was it her parents who were in trouble and whom

she was trying to help? A few questions delicately put to them satisfied him that not only were they not borrowing from her, but that they were not charging her anything for board. Was she making up a private purse?

During the third year he began to miss trifles of jewelry and bric-a-brac, and yet the extra demands for money were not diminished. The private purse theory would not account for these facts. Three or four times he had missed money from his pocket. Was she a thief?

This question could never have formulated itself in his mind only for one thing. At every succeeding visit home she seemed more distraught. She had a hunted look, as if she were afraid he would make some unpleasant discovery about her. But he could not doubt her love, for many times of late when he would caress her tenderly she would put all her soul into the responsive embrace, and usually end it with a fit of almost hysterical emotion.

At such times she would say: "O Hector! I wish you would take me with you. I am dreadfully lonesome and unhappy when you are away."

These frequent pleadings had decided him to abandon the road and go into something for himself. He had made his last trip, and—she had tried to poison him. Had she?

This was the question he debated as he went forth with the phial of coffee in his vest pocket on the morning we have introduced him to the reader.

He made his way straight to an analytical chemist and asked him to test it. The chemist found nothing deleterious.

A great wave of thanksgiving surged in his heart, but only for a moment. The unmistakable evidence of his wife's guilt was not to be gained.

"Have you tested for everything? Aren't there some new medicines, and poisons, and things just recently come into use? Have you tested for all those?"

"You are right. I had forgotten those." Then after a half-hour of careful analysis he reported "a faint trace of sulfanol, nothing more."

"And what is sulfanol?"

"It is one of the products from the distillation of coal tar. It is a favorite hypnotic in the practice of some; others are shy of it and consider it less reliable than bromide of potassium, and more dangerous than hydrate of chloral. It has not been long enough in use to be thoroughly understood."

"But is it a poison?"

"Oh, as to that, all medicines are poisons. But it is not in the same sense that strychnine, or arsenic, or opium, or prussic acid are poisons. It is simply a sleeping powder, an overdose of which may cause death."

Did she intend to poison him or simply to put him to sleep? This was the question he debated on his way home. How should he find out? She was thoroughly frightened, he could see that. He would make her sign a confession as a condition of escaping arrest. But he had no notion of arresting her.

With this intention he approached the house. She answered his ring at the door. When she saw him she would have fallen, but a strong arm clasped her waist, and a pair of ad eyes looked down with infinite tenderness into hers as he led her again to the sofa and seated himself by her side.

"O Hector! don't look at me so tenderly. Scold, storm, swear at me, kill me, anything but that."

"Do you confess then?"

"Yes, yes, I confess. I have been mad. I have given way to the influence of a bad man, yet as God is my witness I never loved any man but you, and now I have lost you and lost my own soul. Oh! oh!" and with a hand pressed over her heart she fell limp and lifeless at his side.

When she recovered a cool soft sponge was being passed over her brow and her wrists were being chafed. A noble face in which love and anxiety were equally blended was bending over her. She just caught a glimpse of this, then closed her eyes tight and remained motionless. It was bliss, and she would prolong the waking up time if she could.

When she opened her eyes again she felt wonderfully strong. The crisis seemed to have passed, and she was not dead, she was not in prison, she was not in hell. She was now prepared for anything with that strong, kind face bending over her.

It was well she was, for the next question was a very trying one.

"Nettie," he said, "you have just told me you have given way to the influence of a bad man. I want you to answer me as you will answer at the day of judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, for the destiny of two souls depends on your answer. How far have you given way? Has there been any immorality?"

"Oh no, no, a thousand times no. My God! that you could ask me such a question. But I deserve it. He tried me with all the hellish arts that Satan himself could suggest. He even traduced you, told me you had a wife in Guelph, another in Sarnia, offered to prove it if I would go with him to Guelph. We both registered at the same hotel. I did not even then know how compromising that was, not till the next morning when he called my attention to it, and pointing to the register with a leer said, 'That will make a pretty picture if Hector ever sees it. You have played fast and loose with me long enough, now I have you in my power.' Since then I have been in hell. He has been incessant in his demands for money. I have given nearly every cent of my allowance, of your extra allowances, have stolen money from you, borrowed from my father, sold my trinkets only to sink more deeply into the power of the villain. But my woman's nature revolted from the idea of pollution. I have been true to you as God is my judge."

"And what did you put in my coffee this morning, and why?"

"I don't know. He said it was a sleeping powder. I forgot what he called it, but when I saw you take the first sip a horrible suspicion seized me that it might be poison, and I was glad to see you refuse it, and horribly anxious to get it away from you. Did you taste anything, am I?"

"Not a thing. It was the expression I caught in your eye that brought the horrible morning

to my mind. Sulfanol is all but tasteless. But why should you give me a sleeping draught in the morning?"

"He wanted twenty dollars to-day. He said it, (the powder) would not take effect till about noon, and if I would get him the money it was positively the last he would ask me for. And you'll not have me arrested?"

"Let us kneel down together, my darling, and thank God for His mercies."

And there, side by side, with hearts made tender by emotion, they each poured out their thanksgivings to God for having lifted the great cloud of trouble which had overshadowed the morning of the day, and prayed for the guiding eye and the protecting arm to keep them from evil in the future, and even as they prayed, the peace that passeth all understanding filled their souls.

"You are a thousand times more precious to me to-day than when I was courting you," said her husband, later in the day.

"Ah! but I shall always think a thousand times less of myself than I did in those days," was the reply. "And a thousand times more of you," she added after a pause. "I couldn't tell gold from dross in those days."

"But you must not worship me for all that. Let there be no more idolatry on the part of either of us. Let us give the good Lord the first place in our affections, then no more punishment for idolatry will be necessary."

A day or two afterwards the evening papers contained the following item. A VILLAIN FOILED.—The inquest on the remains of Jasper Congdon, found dead in his bed a day or two ago, brought out the following facts. He had been for some time levying blackmail on several ladies whom he had managed to inveigle into compromising situations, among others a highly estimable lady who shall at present be nameless. He had drained her of all available resources but an insurance policy on the life of her husband of \$5,000. He laid the diabolical scheme of having her poison her husband, and to this end purchased two powders from a King street druggist, one containing eight grains of sulfanol, which he was in the habit of taking himself as a sleeping powder, the other a similar amount of strychnine. He intended the latter obviously not for himself, yet in handing it to her, great as his power over her was, he knew she would recoil from crime. Hence he represented that it was only sulfanol and explained its action. As the two powders were put up precisely alike, it was really the sulfanol he gave her, and owing to the same cause he took the strychnine himself as a sleeping powder in mistake and thus furnished a subject for the inquest. "The mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceeding small." No one who knew him well will question the justice of the fate meted out to him.

Hector Cameron read the item aloud to his wife. She listened with her eyes almost bulging out of her head in horror. At the conclusion of it she raised her clasped hands and eyes towards heaven as she exclaimed, "O God! how horrible!"

"Yes," was the reply. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

If we could get a glimpse into their home to-day we should discover a model household over which no suspicion of a cloud flits. Nettie Cameron is so much more adorable than Nettie Burlingham ever was, not only as a wife but as a mother, to which dignity she has only recently attained, that her husband finds it more difficult than he imagined it would be to steer entirely clear of Christian idolatry, and all husbands who are suitably mated will know how to sympathize with him.

French Politeness.

M. Lefevre (in agonized whisper)—Vill Madame kindly introduce me to the lady on my right? I wish to speak to her.

Hostess—Certainly—I thought I had presented you. Has your fair neighbor made an impression on your heart?

M. Lefevre—Oh, non, madame; on my foot! She has placed her chair on the toe of my foot, and she has been sitting on it ever since we came to the table.

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MONTREAL

Spring Whispers.

JUST as soon as fur coats and capes can be dispensed with madame and mademoiselle must have their new tailor-made suits, epic and span, and untroubled by wrap or fur. Some very beautiful work in this line is being done in Toronto by the ladies' tailor at Score's, on King street west, where I saw several modish dames giving orders the other day. The chic red vest in the dark cloth gown, fastened with a row of tiny "mess jacket" gold buttons, is a feature of the new gowns. Whatever vagaries may be the results of the coming in of crinoline, the tailor-made suit will continue to hold its own, and from princess to small fry of the middle classes the ladies who dress well will wear this neat and sensible garb.

A fashion in baby carriages is a feature down in the spacious basement of Robert Walker & Sons' big store. Such gorgeous, graceful colors and shapes as delight the eyes of prospective propellers of small tyrants! The enameled rattan, in delightful shell-patterned curves, wherein the baby sits, pink and precious as Aphrodite riding in her shell boat; the rich silk canopies, all the various cushions and comforts, are bewildering. I vibrated between fawn cushions, blue velvet and crimson, with canopies of satin and lace to match, and was delighted with the patent wheels, which come off the hub with the pressure of a spring and are so easily cleaned and replaced. By the way, there are also runners to go on instead of wheels, when baby's outing time happens to be in snowy weather.

Capes are to take a fresh lease of favor with the opening of spring, because they go on so easily and do not crush large sleeves. They are already imported in most varied sizes, in little cape collars that reach only to the shoulder-tips, in double and triple capes that come down to the waist-line, and in longer single capes that reach low on the hips, and have a cape collar to make them amply full about the shoulders. Cloth capes will be most used, and tan and army blue of grayish shades are the favorite colors. Figured stuffs of mixed silk and wool will be stylish for spring capes, and are made very full, one model three yards and a half wide reaching below the hips, being box-pleated to a round yoke that falls low on the shoulders. A cape collar of seven box pleats covers this yoke and forms a standing collar. Red and green are the colors mixed in the fabric, and the lining of taffeta is shot in the same colors. The design in the stuff is vague, being partly of balls and pear-shaped pieces. Velvet capes that reach only to the waist-line come in violet, green, and other colors among the most elegant garments. One beautiful model has an over-cape of passementerie in wavy cords nearly covering the velvet. This velvet is pleated to a yoke, and has a Watteau effect, the fold showing outside the passementerie fall. Tan colored cloth capes have shoulder frills of black satin ribbon. Capes of army-blue cloth are much embroidered with jet. Green cloth capes that fall to the hips have a pleated collar of the cloth crossing the back, with deep points in front, and are lined with violet silk.

The Derby cape, scarcely more than a collar, is to be thrown around the shoulders when wraps are heavy. It is of black velvet, pleated full to a feather collar band, and reaches only to the shoulder-tips, but is pointed to the waist in front and back. A box-pleat is on each shoulder, three pleats turn to the middle in front, and two turn to meet two others in the back. A frill of black satin ribbon two inches wide edges the cape, and it is lined with light-colored surah. The 1830 pelerine is a triple cape of black Bourdon lace, the three frills mounted on a foundation of black surah, the lowest ruffle reaching to the elbow. The upper ruffle is four inches wide; the second seven inches; the lowest ten inches. A ruche of satin ribbon is around the neck, with a bow in front. Black satin plays an important part in new capes, sometimes forming them entirely, but more often as a double collar, almost like puffs, covering the shoulders, with a fall below of Bourdon lace, jetted net, or of passementerie, forming the cape. These reach only to the waist. Cloth capes in light colors have double frills of black satin on the shoulders, and milliners' folds of the same satin as a border.

New bonnets for spring are extremely small capotes with long ears that point down each side of the Greek knotted hair. Tokes are imported again, and are round rather than long, with fluted edges like a flower lying flatly on the soft hair. Many crownless little bonnets are also shown with pointed front on a coronet brim. Theater bonnets are scarcely more than head-dresses, and as they are without strings, will find favor with the youngest women. Round hats are of medium size, and increase thence to very large shapes. All crowns are low. The undulating brims found so becoming are retained. Other brims are much longer at the back than any yet used, and something like an old-fashioned "cape" is at the back of a nondescript affair that may be called a hat or a bonnet, as one chooses. A four-cornered hat with the brim caught up by four chains of flowers or of velvet is one of medium size, in favor with the best milliners. Revolutionary and Colonial shapes are suggested by several hats. A novelty is the Napoleon hat with the front of the brim turned up in a high curve close against the crown. Tokes are called bonnets when supplied with strings to be tied under the chin in a bow without ends, but are hats when they have no strings. Empire bonnets with large flaring front are shown. The 1830 poke is imported also, but as it makes any woman look ten years older than she really is the milliners have little faith in its success.

Chip is the pleasantly light fabric of which most of the new hats are made. It comes smoothly sewed alike all over, or else striped by reversing the braids. It is especially stylish in the *amour* or love tress made with high loops similar to the braid which was called rice straw last summer. Very light colors are chosen for the entire hat, or else the crown is light and the brim dark, or even black, as an

ecru *amour* crown with a plain black chip brim. Pale blue, violet, or green hats have sometimes a black chip facing inside the brim. Plateaux that are to be cut in fanciful poke shapes, or else pleated without cutting, come in chip of all kinds and colors. The fancy straws in inch-wide braids are a mélange of color, sometimes without definite pattern, while others are in Scotch plaids or checks, or in the light French coloring of fancy basket-woven stuff. It will be possible to match the colors of almost any of the new dress fabrics in these fancy straws, from which the purchaser is to choose, and the deft milliner is to sew into any one of the various shapes that may be becoming. The lace straws are beautiful imitations of open-patterned guipure for the entire bonnet or hat, or else merely for the crown with a chip brim, while others reverse this, giving a lacelike brim so becoming near the face, and may have one or two insertions of the lacelike straw in an *amour* brim, or in one of plain chip. English straws and serviceable Millans are shown for traveling use, and in shapes for elderly women. For children, are fancy plaid straws for general wear, while for best are the familiar Leghorns, either bleached or unbleached—not of the largest unwieldy sizes—and entirely without dressing. Some of these are simple plateaux, while others have a low crown, and either smooth or fluted brim. Manila hats are shown in pale pink, green or blue to match dresses, as well as in the natural ecru. Some plateaux of cream chip have a dark brown or other colored center to serve as crown, and are caught up in two pleats at the back. These are braided all in one piece, or else are sewed around row after row. A facing of velvet comes already secured throughout some entire plateaux, and another fancy is a ruchelike edge of black *amour* braid on chip brim of turquoise blue, pink, or green hats.

French color cards have for their leading and most important series six shades, deepening from pale *Persan*, or Persian lilac with pink tinges, through *verveine* and the familiar *Ophelia* to the *emineuse* shade now worn. To these are added pale mauve and *evigee*—the latter bishop's purple in which there is no mixture of colors, as this is really the royal purple hue. Then comes the violet tint, and, finally, the French manufacturers, with their genius for nomenclature and an eye to business as well, have dubbed a dark reddish-purple shade *Chicago*! These, with heliotrope and pansy shades, prevail in every collection of millinery. There are no new green shades, but all those known to the forest and garden are present, and are made to combine with every other color in the way nature has done ever since flowers were created. New light blues are tinged with gray, as in military blue, and *matelot* remains the familiar navy blue, which looks coolest of all dark colors. Pink shades are the palest rose and azalea, or else they are made slightly purple in hue, and are called *Tristan* and *Lavalliere*. *Hortensia* pink is a deep clear shade, and *geranium* is too familiar to need description. *Senora* is a light Spanish red, while other red shades are dull and dark. The browns are numerous, but not new, and the same is true of the yellows, from delicate straw-color to the deepest *Castille*. Almost a third of the colors shown are the violet-purple and green shades, which at present promise to meet with favor for still another season.

Individualities.

Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria is one of the European nobles with a profession. He is one of the most popular physicians in the German empire, and in the last year has performed two hundred operations for diseases of the eye and treated five thousand patients.

Sir Peter Benson Maxwell has died in London, England, at the advanced age of seventy-five years. During the Crimean war he made himself famous as the author of a defence of the Aberdeen ministry, entitled *Whom shall We Hang?* He was knighted for the service.

Tietgen, the most prominent business man in Denmark, has received the grand cross of the Dannebrog. He is the first merchant to be so honored. At the recent international monetary conference at Brussels his plans were considered more feasible than any others proposed.

Rollin Robinson, who lately died at Palmyra, Mich., at the age of eighty-three, when a boy worked in a printing office at Palmyra, N. Y. There he assisted in printing the first edition of the Book of Mormon, or the Gold Bible, for Joseph Smith, who was one of the original three Apostles.

Herr Krupp of Essen, head of the works that manufacture the famous Krupp guns, is the largest taxpayer in Germany, paying \$32,400 on an income of \$1,085,000. Next to him comes Baron W. de Rothschild of Frankfurt-on-Main, who pays a tax of \$29,700 on an income of \$1,025,000.

Miss Ruth Cleveland has just received a present of a silver spoon. The gift comes from Mrs. Mary O. Arnold of Norwich, Conn., and possesses great value as an heirloom, being one of a set made by the president's grandfather more than a hundred years ago, and now heirlooms in Mr. Arnold's family.

The Emperor William does not propose to have any of the good old customs and traditions of his country flicked into desuetude by the fads and foibles of modern fashion. At the recent court ball which closed Berlin's social season—the Fastnacht's ball, as it is called—the dancers were regaled with the substantial though not exhilarating Pfannkuchen, that from time immemorial has graced such occasions.

Dr. Bernhard Bilg, proprietor and editor of the *Taetliche Rundschau*, has joined the great majority. His death deprives Germany of one of its most famous editors. His paper is one of the best known organs in the Fatherland. Dr. Bilg also controlled an immense publishing business and had acquired a large fortune. He was sixty-one years of age at the time of his death.

King Alfonso of Spain recently received a severe lesson in kingly courtesy. While driving with his governess, an aged officer of high rank saluted the king with reverence, and the

small boy in acknowledgment put out his tongue. A republican journal made capital of the incident, and the Queen mother in punishment gave her son a vigorous whipping that has borne fruit in copious smiles and bows in public.

Mr. Gladstone has so often surpassed even the most unreasonable expectations, that his admirers awaited his last unparalleled *tour de force* with confidence. He surprised friends and foes alike. His three hours' discourse on the presentation of the Home Rule bill is described by all who heard the silver accents as incomparable beyond the compass of any living statesman, both in the majesty of delivery and the persuasive eloquence of the action.

The airship of the Hamburg gardener, Carl Theodore Geissler, is attracting favorable attention from experts, and is probably one of the most simple and perfect aerial navigators yet made. It consists of a cigar-shaped balloon, constructed so as to give the least possible air resistance, and a car hanging by loops in the lower folds of the case, the ordinary netting being discarded. By numerous mechanical contrivances the ship can be lowered or raised and steered.

Joe Donoghue, who held the championship for amateur skating for several years, takes his defeat at the hands, or rather feet, of John S. Johnson with poor grace. Donoghue invents all sorts of excuses for his misadventure; but the best judges who viewed the contest are of the opinion that Johnson is in every way the better man, and would have little trouble in defeating Donoghue even when the latter was in his very best form. Johnson is from the Northwest.

Emil Frey, who was recently elected Vice-President of Switzerland, is a devoted friend of America. When the late unpleasantness occurred he left the Swiss University where he was studying and came to America, enlisting in the Twenty-eighth Illinois. In 1862 he resigned a lieutenant and raised a company, serving as captain in the Eighty-second Illinois. He was made prisoner at Gettysburg and received the brevet rank of Major on his release. In Switzerland he served in the Cabinet, and his next step, according to the Swiss custom, will be to the presidency of the plucky little republic.

Late advices from China state that the young Emperor has given over much of the imperial rignarole that has for centuries marked the personal conduct of a Chinese ruler. Some of his predecessors laid aside the veil that preserved the face of the Emperor from the defiling observation of persons less exalted than himself, but it is only recently that the custom of conducting all conversation through a third person in addition to the official interpreter has been abolished. The most striking result of the effect of Occidental influence on Oriental prejudice was furnished a few months ago, when the new British Minister was admitted by the Emperor into his own private apartment and suffered to enter and depart by the "big gate." Hitherto every foreigner who was received by the Emperor had to enter the palace grounds through the smaller door provided for subordinate Chinese officials. To enter by the smaller door has for centuries been deemed a token of inferiority, and the severest punishment that could be meted out to a Chinaman of rank was to deprive him of the privilege of entering the Emperor's presence through the "big gate." When this fate befell a man of rank he was said to lose "face."



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Greatest Building Sale.

The first week of The Greatest Building Sale closed with store crowded daily. Shoppers, they say, were walking over one another.

Everybody Pleased

With the honest bargains offered. Conditions will be intensified this week, as we're one week nearer the date of tearing down present premises.

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Black Pongor Silks, 20c

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Everything at warehouse prices. Out of town shoppers should order with every promptness.

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Indian and Ceylon
The most delicious Teas on the market.
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The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior satin. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

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They are the Best

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Throughout the Dominion

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE

BALL POUDEE

Ladies desiring their hair dressed for the "BALL POUDEE" (April 5) are kindly requested to make their appointments at once, as we only have a limited number. Those not having made appointments will only be served per chance. We will not be responsible for disappointment and loss of time. Those ladies desiring Wigs for that occasion are also requested to secure them at once.
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Those ladies who have not yet tested the value of OUR FACE STEAMING AND MASSAGE MANIPULATIONS as a natural preserver and improver of the complexion, are informed that our system is entirely natural. No cosmetics, pastes or beautifiers are employed. Our system is unique and should not be compared with cosmetics, make-up, or beautyifying parlors. Our system is to revive the muscular and fibrous system of skin, which invigorates and produces a healthy action and is the best tonic and skin food. Particulars on application. Ladies and gentlemen's manœuvre parlor in connection.

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Social and Personal.

The ball at the Pavilion on April 5, in aid of the Ladies' Work Depository, bids fair to be a great success. The committee are sparing no pains in their arrangements, and with a good floor, good music, a good supper, and for such a good object, the tickets should sell fast. They may be had at Nordheimer's or the Ladies' Work Depository, 18 King street East.

Dr. Thomas Allan, corner of McCaul and St. Patrick streets, sailed this week for the Bermuda Islands, where he will join his father, Mr. P. C. Allan.

Mrs. Joseph Rogers of King street gave a euchre party, winding up with a dance, to a large number of her friends on Thursday, March 9, which was a very enjoyable affair.

The smoking concert held under the auspices of Chesterfield Lodge, S. O. E., in St. George's Hall, Elm street, on Thursday evening of last week was a great success in every way. About two hundred of the brethren and their friends gathered together in the lodge room, and for fully three hours there was not one dull moment. The programme was a varied one. Many songs were sung and recitations given, all of which were most heartily appreciated by the large audience. Two features of the evening's entertainment were specially enjoyed, viz.: An exhibition of cavalry swordsmanship by Bro. Esmonde, late of the XI. Hussars, and a bout with the foils by two of the visitors. A song sung in German by a native of the Fatherland also brought down the house. The gathering broke up about half-past eleven, after all present had joined in singing one verse of the National Anthem. General satisfaction was expressed on all sides with what had been provided in the shape of amusement. Bro. Skippin presided in his usual efficient manner.

Mrs. O'Regan, 324 Wellesley street, has gone to Denver, Colorado, resorts for a two months' visit.

Whether Rosina Vokes' histrionic ability is the cause, or whether her charming personality plays any part in drawing audiences to hear her, certainly she always has the best of Toronto theatre-goers for her listeners. At the Saturday matinee among the crowd were: Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Arthurs, Miss Cawthra, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mrs. Stanley Clark, Miss Seymour, Miss Montizambert, Miss Bunting, Miss Rordan, the Misses Ferguson, the Misses Goderham of Waveney, Miss Lee, Mrs. W. M. Merritt, Mrs. Cronyn, and Miss Blake.

Among the removals by sudden death during the week was that of the late Mr. J. K. Cameron, sec.-treasurer of the *Monetary Times* Printing Company, and in his wide circle of friends, both socially and in business, none could be missed and mourned more than he. Thoroughly upright and conscientious, he gained everywhere the respect of those who knew him. He was a man of fine instincts and possessed that delicacy and refinement of character which is always associated with what was his master-passion—the love of the beautiful. Pictures, which were viewed by him with true artistic appreciation, the study of a kindred form of expression, elocution, and a love of literature and music formed for him a realm of relaxation from the cares of business suitable to his delicate health and retiring disposition. That he passed away so early in life adds to his demise additional sorrow and widens sympathy for his young wife and daughter.

Mrs. R. S. Brown of St. Patrick street gave a lovely tea to a number of her friends on Thursday of last week. The hostess received in an Empire gown of pink with sleeves and trimmings of green silk and Irish lace, and was assisted by her sister, Miss Abbott, Miss Clara Brown, and Miss Millie McGuire. The sweet music of mandolins and piano added not a little to the enjoyment of those present, among whom I noticed: Mrs. R. J. Score, Mrs. E. A. Simpson, Mrs. Wellington, Mrs. S. B. Brush, Mrs. W. Eastwood, and Mrs. T. A. Brown.

Dr. Eleanor Lennox, late of Toronto, has been appointed house physician at the Cleveland City Hospital. Dr. Lennox is the first woman who has ever held the position and is to be congratulated on having obtained it, in spite of eight male applicants.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Lennox leave to-day for a visit to Cleveland. They will attend the commencement of the Cleveland Homoeopathic Hospital, which takes place next Tuesday.

Mr. Fraser Macdonald left last Tuesday per steamer Havel, of the North German Lloyd Line, for a continental and English trip, and will be absent about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Nairn and Miss B. Nairn of Kelvinside, Jarvis street, left for the South last week.

Mrs. and the Misses Street were at Home on Saturday afternoon last. Even the torrents of rain did not dissuade a large number of guests from finding their way up to the pretty and hospitable house on Walmer road.

Miss Nellie Howes of Chicago has returned home after a month's visit with Mrs. O'Regan, 324 Wellesley street.

The French Club will meet at Mrs. Proctor's, 71 Grenville street, this evening. Little Miss Proctor, who has been ill, is now quite convalescent.

Mr. Maurice Taylor of Florsheim returned from his extensive trip last week. I am told that Mr. Taylor has brought back lots of curious and beautiful things from Japan and other foreign parts.

Toronto Typographical Union, No. 91, held its 49th annual ball in Victoria Hall on Friday evening of last week. Dancing was kept up with great spirit by those present and the smiling faces to be seen on all sides gave ample testimony to the fact that all were thoroughly enjoying themselves. Among those present were: Mr. F. Kerins, Mr. J. Smeall, Mr. Thos. Shields, Mr. Wm. Macklin, Mr. P. G. Thomson, Mr. Wm. H. Aiken, Mr. G. O. Stitt, Mr. John Dixon, Mr. Wm. Butler, Mr. S. C. Jackson, Mr. F. Foster, Mr. Sol. Cassidy, Mr.

E. Till, Mr. J. E. Gordon, Mr. C. Powell, Mr. R. Kerr, Mr. John Lang, Mr. P. Munson, Mr. J. R. Mutton, Mr. P. J. Dempsey, Mr. J. J. Moylan, Mr. W. A. Kyle, Mr. George Schelbe, Mr. M. J. Meehan, Mr. F. Ridley, Mr. James Harper, Mr. J. John J. Thomson, Mr. E. Randall, Mr. H. Abram, Mr. Fru Hawly, Miss Millie Moore, Mr. J. Armstrong, Mr. T. R. Seaton, Mr. J. McLean, Mr. C. Powell, Miss Brewer, Miss Hales, Mr. McQuillin, Mr. W. J. Foster, Mr. F. Foster, Mr. F. R. Fox, Mr. F. Hambly, Mr. J. McDole, Mr. Charles Venables, Mr. S. Paterson, Mr. T. W. Egan, Mr. William Lee, Miss Caswell, Miss Smeall, Miss Mathews, Miss Sallaway, Miss Thomson, Mrs. Aiken, Miss Carter, Miss Brewer, Miss Foster, Miss McGill, Mrs. Till, Miss Prout, Miss Hale, Miss Gloyna, Miss E. Fairbank, Miss Van Valkenburg, Miss Walsh, Misses L. and N. Bulmer, C. Solvely, Miss Maclea, Miss Thompson, Miss Thomson, Miss Healey, Miss N. Badgley, Mrs. Hawly of Grafton, Miss D. Badgley, Mrs. Seaton, Miss Williamson, Miss Morell, Miss McGinnis, Miss K. McBride of Lockport, N. Y., Mr. J. Smeat, Mr. H. Hambly, Miss Wilson, Miss W. Hambly, the Misses Moore, Miss Sinclair, Miss L. Worters, and Miss Daisy Lee. The committee in charge of arrangements were: Messrs. R. G. Stewart, J. Coulter, W. S. Hambly, F. Benson, E. R. Popham, J. B. Smith, W. R. James, W. J. O'Loughlin, Alf. Gault, and G. Shields, and Misses Beale Smith, Butler, Cleary, Schmidt, and Mrs. James and Mrs. O'Loughlin.

Mayor Kendry of Penetanguishene was in town this week.

Mr. J. White and Major T. H. Elliott of Salt Ste. Marie were in the city recently.

There was a large gathering at the Eskine church last Monday evening to hear the Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity College deliver a lecture on Kingsley's Water Babies.

Honorable Winifrede Sugden, who has been a missionary in India of the Church of England Zana Society for ten years, gave a most interesting lecture at the Church of the Epiphany last Monday evening and also addressed a large gathering at the Church of the Ascension last Tuesday evening. Both discourses were most interesting and were listened to very attentively by all present. Miss Sugden described the habits and ways of the natives, and by request spoke part of the time in the native language. At the close of the lecture she appealed to all present to devote as much of their time and influence as possible to the Zana mission.

Lieut.-Col. Tilt on of Ottawa, ex-Deputy Minister of Fisheries, was the guest of Sir Casimir Gzowski recently.

A most pleasing entertainment was given by St. Peter's church choir on Thursday evening of last week, under the leadership of Mr. Webster, at the Home for Incurables on Dunn avenue. Mrs. Adamson played a solo and an obligato in her usual pleasing style, and looked well in a black velvet gown with deep lace. Rev. Mr. Owen gave a short address and filled the position of chairman. Mr. Webster sang two solos and received hearty applause for both numbers. The programme was well carried out, and it is needless to say that great pleasure was given to all assembled at the Home.

During the meeting of the U. A. Diocesan Board, which was held in St. George's school-house on Thursday of last week, Mrs. Sweatman, hon. president, was presented with a gold life membership badge by the members of the board as a small token of their esteem and affection.

Mr. R. G. Code of Ottawa was in town recently.

Rev. Rural Dean Downie of Waterford was in town this week for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Might are now visiting Mr. J. M. Might in South Parkdale previous to taking their departure for their home at Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

Mrs. E. M. Trowern gave a progressive euchre party at her home on Robert street on Thursday evening of last week. Among the guests noticed were: Mr. and Mrs. S. Frank Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Middleton of Parkdale, Mr. and Mrs. Wylie, Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, Miss Chambers, Mrs. Cavanagh, Mrs. Page of New York, Miss Trowern, Mr. R. S. Mortley and others. After refreshments the company indulged in an impromptu dance and separated at a reasonable hour after spending a very enjoyable evening.

Mr. R. S. Mortley, editor of *The Merchant*, is confined to his house with illness, and has consequently postponed his visit to New York.

Miss Helen M. Merrill, daughter of Judge Merrill of Pictou, is visiting her brother, E. B. Merrill, B. A., 425 Church street.

On Wednesday and Thursday of last week Mrs. M. A. Muldrew was at Home to her many friends at 228 Markham street. The pretty bride was dressed in a lovely dress of pale blue and brown. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Misses D. Lane, Muldrew, and Westman.

Dr. Murray McFarlane has returned from New York and Washington. While in the latter city he was presented to President Cleveland by the British Minister.

Another face will be long missed in Toronto society on account of the sad death of Mr. George S. Michie, which took place last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Michie was, like all of his name, a favorite in our best circles, and much kind sympathy is expressed for his relatives on the early death of this popular young gentleman.

Mrs. Piper's musicale was well attended and very successful, and a large number of friends quite filled her pretty parlors on Grenville street. Mrs. Piper was most happy in the goodness of those friends who contributed to the evening's entertainment. Miss Laura McGillivray, in a sweet white gown of 1830, gave a recitation. Mrs. McIntosh, daintily dressed in a Dresden china combination of pink and blue, also recited. Herr Hann gave a violin solo. Mr. Patterson a Western reading; Mr.

Frank Deane played delightfully some charming selections, and last and also least the tiny daughter of the house contributed two fetching little recitations, for which she was rewarded by a floral tribute and a book. Dainty coffee and cake were served, and Mrs. Walker, who was irresistible in her pretty white gown, took a fancy basket through the ranks of the guests and reaped rich harvest for the Grace Homeopathic Hospital, in which Mrs. Piper aims to endow a cot. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray, Mr. and Mrs. Shields, the lady in corn color and black; Mrs. Gould; Mrs. J. B. Hall, in a pretty old rose gown; Mrs. Beard, in *cafe au lait* and fawn velvet; Mrs. Read, exquisitely dressed in white brocade and white ostrich trimming; Miss Jardine-Thomson, in white cashmere; Mrs. Schuch, in black silk and jet; Mr. and Mrs. Tinning, Mrs. King, Miss Bugg, in a pretty light gown; and a great many others equally *connu*. A very tuneful quartette sang an Evening Hymn most sweetly. The evening closed with a pleasant little dance.

The formal opening of the Provincial Legislature will take place on Tuesday afternoon, April 4.

Miss Belle Cochran of Denver, Col., is paying a long visit to her old college friend, Miss McCrimmon of 20 Victoria crescent.

The date of the reunion to take place at the Galbraith Academy is April 6, instead of April 5, as announced in the art column this week. The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have promised to attend and kindly express great interest in the enterprise.

The Arion Quartette composed of Miss Norma Reynolds, soprano; Miss Lulu Meek, contralto; Mr. Parr, tenor and Mr. Chambers, baritone, sang in Bowmanville on March 15 and in Kingston on March 17, St. Patrick's day. The Kingston concert was a large event, as all the Irish societies were interested. I am very glad to know that Miss Reynolds is now able to take her old place among the sweet singers of Toronto.

Mrs. Jenness-Miller was the guest of Mrs. Scates of 54 Wellington place during her visit in Toronto this week.

Mrs. Dignam has a most charming exhibit of her paintings, and also some work of foreign artists at her studio, 509 Markham street, which has much interested her many visitors. The studio was open yesterday, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., and is also open to-day during the same time.

The Annual Conversazione of the Y. M. C. A. was held on Thursday evening. Among the numbers on the programme were, recitations by Miss Terwilliger, who was all that is attractive and handsome; piano solos by Mr. A. S. Vogt, which, it goes without saying, were excellently rendered; two songs, sweetly sung, by Miss Hattie Morrell, and the ever popular Ideal Banjo Club, whose playing is really splendid. Mr. H. M. Fletcher was musical director.

Mr. James U. Pearce left on Wednesday for the Germanic from New York, for a two years' trip to England and the Continent for the benefit of his health.

The Misses Martha and Evelyn Fennel of Berlin have been the guests of Mrs. Shaw, 496 Ontario street, this week. Miss Evelyn Fennel charmingly rendered a *morceau* by Greig, at the Conservatory concert on Monday evening last.

Mrs. Dan Rose's tea on Wednesday afternoon was a most enjoyable affair and was very largely attended. The bright and piquante hostess received in a most becoming gown of green and pink velvet, and was assisted by Mrs. McLoughlin of Bloor street, who wore a green silk costume with handsome black lace; pretty Mrs. Russell Snow, in black and dove gray, with jet, and Mrs. Britton of Isabella street, who wore a graceful gown of white cashmere, with gold. A bevy of young ladies were en attendance at the refreshment table, which was a *motif* in pink, with numerous fairy lights. Among these pretty waitresses I noticed Misses Rose, Hatch, Henderson and Dyas. One sweet costume in gray was much admired by connoisseurs. Among the many guests were: Mrs. J. D. King, Mrs. Congrave, in a chic gown of brown, with natty little pink bonnet with jet trimming; Mrs. Arthur Meredith of Huntley street, black merv brocade; Mrs. Dyas wore black silk; Mrs. Seiner, Mrs. and Miss May, and Mrs. Pringle, cadet blue; Mrs. Bonnick, electric blue; Mrs. Hiram Piper, Mrs. Dunnett, Miss Carrie Rowland, Mrs. Beard; Mrs. Harry Taylor was a very pretty and graceful figure; the Misses Matthews, Mrs. Charles Brown, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. Thorpe, Miss Macdonald and a host of others.

Miss Edna Kitson of 182 Sherbourne street gave a young people's dance on Friday of last week, which was very successful. Miss Kitson wore a pretty dress of cream crepon and silk trimmings. Among those present were: Misses Hoskins, Wagstaff, Berryman, Brownjohn, Hamilton, Sims, Williams, Barry, and Messrs. Lount, Fox, Sims, Fred Hughes, Hamilton, Berryman, Davis, and others.

The usual Wednesday afternoon reception at a Churchman was not held this week. The function was omitted in respect to the memory of Lady Mowat, whose death occurred on Monday. Lady Mowat's funeral took place on Thursday.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick spent a few days out of town last week.

Mrs. T. M. Rowland of 180 Bloor street east was at Home on Tuesday to a number of friends. The reception was a most attractive and enjoyable event. Mrs. Rowland was dressed in rich black silk, and was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Rowland, Jr., who wore crimson and black. Among the young lady assistants were Miss Gooderham and Miss Gale.

Mrs. Cauldwell of St. James avenue gave a progressive euchre party on Monday evening. Seven tables were arranged, and the first prize, a beautiful half-dozen of souvenir spoons, was won by Mrs. J. Higman of Ontario street. Mrs. Eager of Hamilton was the guest in

whose honor the party was given. Mrs. Eager is visiting Mrs. Cauldwell. Among the company I remarked: Dr. and Mrs. Little, Mr. and Mrs. Stuttsford, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Mary Higman, Misses Clark, Muldrew, Robinson, and Messrs. Elliott and Elgie.

Mr. George King of Oshawa was in Toronto this week.

Mrs. Kelsie, of Marlborough avenue gave a charming euchre party last evening.

Rev. Dr. Armstrong of Moore, and ex-rural dean of the County of Lambton, in the diocese of Huron, spent last Sunday in the city and preached in the church of St. Bartholomew at both morning and evening services. The congregations were large on both occasions. The reverend doctor was the guest of Mr. R. L. Patterson of Roxboro' avenue during his stay in Toronto.

Mr. Charles Catto has returned from the old country and looks as if his trip had agreed with him wonderfully well.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph K. Burgess of Rosedale have left town on a visit to the South.

A pretty wedding took place on Tuesday at the residence of Mr. Robert Jardine, 26 Glen road, when Miss Jennie Carlstana Henderson and Mr. C. H. Morris were married. The best man was also a Chicagoan, Mr. W. Blakley. Miss Wintley of St. John's, Newfoundland, was bridesmaid. Rev. Mr. Nell officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Morris left for Chicago, where they propose residing in future.

Port Perry.

At the Church of the Ascension here on Tuesday afternoon Mr. L. G. Duff Grant, F.R.S., secretary of the Smokeless Powder Co., Ltd., of London, England, and Miss Edith Donaldson Brown of Port Perry, daughter of the late Mr. R. P. D. Brown of Clinton, Ont., and niece of the late Rev. Dr. Cary, were married by Rev. Joseph Fletcher, incumbent of Port Perry. The bride, who was given away by Mr. W. N. Anderson of Toronto, was dressed in a travelling dress of handsome brown cloth and velvet bodice, with facings of coral pink, silk shot with gold, and wrap of brown velvet lined with similar silk. She wore a picture hat of fawn chip, trimmed with coral pink, shot velvet and fawn tips, and carried a beautiful bouquet of roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Anderson of Toronto, Miss Miller of Port Perry, and Miss Holmes of Barrie. Mr. Grant was attended by Mr. C. J. Agar of Toronto. The ushers were Masters Fred Paterson and John Billings of Port Perry. Mr. and Mrs. Grant left after the reception at Elm Lodge, the residence of Mrs. Cary, for Toronto, Niagara Falls and New York, whence they sail for London on March 22, per the Majestic.

Cobourg.

The gentlemen of Cobourg purpose holding a ball in the Victoria Opera House in that town on Friday, April 7. Corlett's full orchestra has been secured, and in every way a capital affair is being arranged for.

Stub Ends of Thought.

The kiss of passion is silent; the kiss of love is murmurous, and the every-day kiss is explosive. The devil is the one perfect imperfection. Half the world tries to make the ideal real, and the other half tries to make the real ideal. A good man cannot hide it. Adversity is a grindstone that puts an edge on us. Virtue being its own reward some people don't care to earn it. The richest men don't always know how to be rich. The earth is filled with broken silence. Conservatism is contentment half in blossom.

Excruciating Economy.

George Hardpan—We shall have to be very economical this year, my dear. Mrs. Hardpan (enthusiastically)—Yes, I intend making my own hats, and bonnets, and dresses, and— George (in rapture)—Mary, you are a prize! Yes, a perfect treasure! Mary (continuing)—And your shirts, and collars, and cuffs. George (in abject terror)—Mary, I was only fooling you. We shall not have to be as economical as all that!

The Decay of Art.

Tracer—What's the poorman doing now? Jakeley—Told me he's giving chalk talks. Tracer—I guess it's a two-sided affair, then. He does the talking and the bartender does the chalking.

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Out of Town.



Galt. On Thursday, March 9, Mrs. J. E. Warnock was at home to a number of her friends, and her afternoon was a success in spite of the rain. Her assistants were the Misses Blain, Miss Katie Cranston, Miss Allen and Miss Woods. Among the guests were: Mrs. Sylvester, Mrs. McCulloch, Mrs. Charles Warnock, Mrs. Fringle, Mrs. Greenhill, Mrs. Willet, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Risk, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. R. Jaffray, Mrs. S. Metcalfe, Mrs. Lutz, the Misses Peck, Miss Goldie, Miss Mather of Ottawa, Miss Lumsden, Miss Perry, Miss Ethel Miller of Toronto, Miss Worrell, Miss Lennard, Miss Porteous, and Miss Newbatt of Toronto.

Mrs. McIntyre Gibbs gave a very enjoyable at home at her pretty residence, Riverside, on March 1. The refreshment table was most tastefully arranged, and was presided over by Miss Drew, Miss Reid, and the Misses Peck. The guests were: Rev. Mr. Ridley, Mrs. (Dr.) Sylvester, Mrs. Hugh McCulloch, Mrs. J. Mowat Duff, Mr. and Mrs. Greenhill, Mr. and Mrs. Fringle, Mrs. H. Ball, Mrs. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. R. Warnock, Mrs. J. E. Warnock, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Strong, Miss Spiers, Miss S. Porteous, Miss Walker, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Kennedy, the Misses Blain, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Bisset Thom, Mr. Peck, Dr. Hawk, Mr. W. D. Card, and Mr. Rothwell.

Mrs. S. Metcalfe gave a small tea on Wednesday, March 8, in honor of her guest, Miss Newbatt of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson of Glasgow spent a few days last week at Mr. John Goldie's. Miss Mather of Ottawa is also visiting at the same hospitable home.

Mrs. Hogz of Toronto is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. D. Palmer.

On Thursday, February 23, the Hockey Club gave a Hard Times carnival in the rink. The invitations were issued on coarse brown paper, and the costumes of the gentlemen certainly presented a hard times spectacle. It was well attended and quite a success, the ladies' dresses being not all strictly in accordance with hard times notions.

Barrie.

During the past month vigorous life and blooming youth have been considerably ascribed because of the many evening parties throughout the town. These gatherings have been pleasantly interspersed during the winter by sleighing parties, sometimes around the town, but generally to the cheery home of some ruralist whose door is ever open and whose welcome is unrestricted, so long as the guests keep their mirth within the bounds of reason or do not press their boisterousness beyond the limit of human endurance.

An unusually large surprise party was given on Thursday evening, March 9, at the residence of Mr. A. J. Carson. There were seventy couples present, it is said, and not one went away feeling that a more enjoyable time might have been spent.

The recital to be given by Miss Hext, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., will likely be a rare treat.

The Misses Freck entertained a number of their friends on Tuesday evening, March 7, and passed the evening in a series of humorous and lively games.

The hospitable home of Mr. R. King, sr., of the East End, was the scene on Friday evening of last week of a gay and festive social party. The Misses King are always equal to an occasion of this kind and extend to their guests such a warm welcome as to make them feel quite at home in a very short time. The following are the names of those present: Miss King, Miss C. King, Miss Stephens, Miss Bemrose, Miss Lane, Miss B. Lane, Miss Myers, Miss Johnson, Miss T. Johnson, Miss E. Johnson, Miss De LaMater, Miss Gordon, Miss McLean, Miss Bird, Miss L. Bird, Miss Freck, Miss E. Freck, Miss Eileen, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sarjeant, Mr. and Mrs. G. Ellis, and Messrs. Jackson, Milken, McIntosh, Arthur, W. King, Batten, Whaley, Freck, Murchison, Bemrose, D. McLean, G. McLean, C. King, and Dr. Richardson.

Kingston.

An At Home was held last Friday night by the congregation of St. Andrew's church in the lecture hall, where a very pleasant evening was spent. Mr. J. McIntyre, Q.C., acted as chairman and made a happy address. Mr. S. Shannon opened the musical programme with a piano solo. Haymaker's dance, followed by W. G. Craig in a solo, The Chase. Miss M. McIlroy played the Invitation to Waltz in a brilliant manner, after which refreshments were served. The At Home broke up with the singing of Auld Lang Syne in real old Scottish fashion.

The preliminary work in connection with the performance of Pinafire by an amateur company is progressing. At the inaugural meeting on Wednesday there were twenty-eight ladies and ten gentlemen.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Brock street Methodist church had a very successful social on Friday night, at the residence of James Shales Esq., Barrack street. A very pleasant evening was spent.

A large party of gay young people of the city, numbering about forty couples, accompanied by the Battery Band, crossed the ice in vans last Monday afternoon, for a general good time on Wolfe Island. The programme consisted of a grand supper at the C. M. B. A. Hall, and an evening of music and dancing till about 11:30 p.m., when the party again set out for the city, very much pleased with the enjoyment of the drive. Among the lady patronesses were Mrs. J. B. Carruthers, Mrs. Shortt and Miss Etta McPherson.

Mr. Medley, the popular leader of Sydenham street Methodist choir, is preparing a grand cantata, The Holy City, by Goll, which will be reproduced in a couple of weeks.

A social was given by the ladies of Princess street Methodist church at Ald. Robinson's on Thursday evening, March 9. Mrs. Robinson was assisted in making her guests feel at home by Miss McMillan, whose singing was much appreciated. The Misses Asselstine and Chap-

man gave an instrumental duet and Miss Hames a solo. A very pleasant evening was the unanimous verdict.

Peterboro'.

A very happy gathering took place at the residence of Mr. William Eyres on Wednesday, March 8, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Eyres to Mr. S. H. Might, B.A., an extensive farmer in the neighborhood of Moose Jaw, N.W.T. After the marriage ceremony was over, about thirty couples of the friends of both parties partook of a sumptuous dinner. The balance of the evening was spent in a very enjoyable manner. Some excellent music was rendered by Miss Howden of Peterboro' on a handsome piano, which was one of the many beautiful presents received. The bride and groom started on the late train for Toronto and other places west, where they will spend a few weeks before starting for their Western home. Among the guests were: Mrs. Wickens, Miss Slater, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Might of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Meharry of Port Perry, Mr. and Mrs. James Might of Peterboro', father and mother of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Might, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Might of Cavan. The bridesmaids were Miss Eyres, sister of the bride, and Miss Howden of Peterboro', both of whom looked charming. The groomsmen were Mr. Fred Might, brother of the groom, and Mr. Ed. Meharry of Port Perry. The whole affair was very pleasant and enjoyable.

Stratford.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Bert Smith of Shrewsbury street received a number of friends on Thursday evening in honor of the Misses Beaupre, and a delightful evening was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. John Welch of Nile street gave a farewell party on the evening of the departure from the city of their son Charlie. Cards and dancing were the order of the evening. Charlie was a leader in social circles and leaves with the best wishes of his numerous friends.

A very happy event took place on Thursday evening, February 16, the occasion being the marriage of Mr. W. C. Orr, of the firm of Gordon & Orr, to Miss Mary, daughter of Mr. John Anderson of Guelph. Miss Agnes Anderson of Brooklyn, N. Y., assisted the bride and Mr. R. I. Orr performed the duties of best man. Rev. Jas. C. Scott, M.A., was the officiating clergyman.

The annual conversation given by the Collegiate Institute Literary Society was held in the Collegiate Institute Assembly Hall on Friday evening, February 17. A prettier and richer display of costumes and flowers is never seen than that of the Collegiate Institute on such occasions, and this was no exception to the rule. Financially the affair was a success, but excepting Miss Ethel Armstrong, who gave the name to the company who furnished the entertainment of the evening, the members who took part in the programme did not show ability above mediocrity. The audience simply tolerated their performances. Miss Armstrong is exceedingly clever for one so young, and will make her mark as a violin virtuoso. The members of the Literary Society who made the selection are not to be censured in the matter, as they did the best they could.

Maple.

A unique entertainment, something after the fashion of the old style house-warming, was held in the new manse last Thursday evening, when Mr. Campbell, pastor of the Maple Presbyterian and Seventh Concession congregations, took formal possession of his new home. Messrs. A. McNeill, Elder, N. Malloy and J. McNaughton, the hostesses for the evening, were kept busily employed looking after the comfort of guests, some of whom had come long distances through the snow storm, and that they succeeded well was proved by the happy and contented faces of all. The supper, which would have done credit to any city caterer, was served at a table extending through the parlors, tastefully decorated with flowers and plants from neighboring conservatories; and, indeed, all the arrangements reflected great credit upon the committee of management. The presence of so many ladies in bright array gave so cheerful an appearance to the rooms of the manse that it is to be hoped their influence will be felt for many a day in Mr. Campbell's bachelor establishment. Mrs. McNeill wore a handsome gown of black satin brocade with diamond ornaments; Mrs. (Dr.) Sisley, black silk, trimmed with chiffon; Mrs. Malloy in brown brocade velvet looked especially well; Miss S. Robinson wore a stylish costume of black satin and blue chiffon; Miss Thompson, a very becoming gown of green poplin; Miss Griffiths of Weston and Miss Elder, in pretty dresses of pink pongee, were also noticeable. But among so much that was worthy of note the ordinary male intellect is powerless to make a proper selection. Suffice it to say that the general effect was all that could be desired.

JULIAN.

Trenton.

After months of suffering, Capt. Jonathan A. Porte died on Wednesday morning at seven o'clock. The deceased was born in the County of Wexford, Ireland, on February 25, 1841. Capt. Porte came to Canada in 1853 and settled in Picton, Bay of Quinte. He was educated at Prince Edward County High School, and at the Grammar School, Belleville. In 1864 he ran a small steamer, the John Greenway, and continued to do so for six years. He then built the Norfolk but after running her for some season, sold her. A few years later he built the steamer Utica, which he sailed upon the lake and bay for a number of years. In the years 1879-80 he built, along with another gentleman, the Mary Ethel, and in the winter of 1889 he built the Varuna, which vessel he controlled until his death. About the year 1882 the Mary Ethel was sold to the Trenton and Bay of Quinte Navigation Company, of which Capt. Porte was a large shareholder. He was for some time president of the Bay of Quinte Navigation Company, and was a member of the first Council after the incorporation of Trenton as a town.

Port Hope.

Miss Maud Mackie and Mr. S. J. Mackie gave a delightful dance on Friday evening of last week, which was enjoyed by many of their wide circle of friends. Their handsome home on John street was prettily decorated for

the occasion, the parlors and drawing-room being decked with palms and cut flowers. The charming young hostess and the gallant young host were assisted by their mother in receiving the guests. Miss Mackie wore a rich dress of black lace, *en traine*, and diamond ornaments. Miss Mackie looked beautiful in a robe of flowered cream with silver corselet, and pink roses. The excellent music furnished by the local harpers enhanced the enjoyment of the occasion. A feature of the evening was the playing by Mr. R. J. Mackie of his original schottische, *La Bille Grace*, a spirited composition, received with warm applause and praise. Among the guests present were: Mrs. R. J. Mackie of Oshawa, who was magnificently attired in a gown of buttercup silk and daisies; Mrs. Harry Read wore black silk, *en traine*, and corsage of violets; Mrs. Williams of Cobourg wore a rich dress of black satin and jet; Miss H. S. Paterson was attired in an Empire gown of silvered chiffon; Miss Louise Saunders looked very pretty in an Empire gown of white Swiss muslin and moire ribbons; Miss Farquharson, mauve silk and black lace; Miss Phillips, pink and black velvet; Mrs. Barrett, dove silk and roses; Mrs. Wm. Read, black lace and gold; Mrs. Henry Helm wore a superb Parisian gown of lavender silk; Miss Phillips, black silk; Mrs. Farquharson, moire silk; Miss Bertha Walker, salmon pink; Miss H. Ethel Shepherd looked charming in pale blue silk; Miss Maud Battle of Cobourg, gray silk and white lace; Miss Mamie Furby wore a becoming gown of red chiffon; Miss Lottie Martin was attired in a striking costume of blue and gold; Miss Hallie King was robed in a fascinating and becoming gown of cream cashmere *en traine* with feathery aligrettes; Miss Wood, cream and green delaine; Mrs. Sanders, black silk; Miss Chalk, black with contrasting sleeves of red velvet; Miss Booth, gray cashmere and white roses; Miss Lillian Morell, pink silk. The following gentlemen were present: Messrs. J. Ekins of Millbrook, H. McDougal of Cobourg, Lander, Budge, Barrett, Baird, Holland, Traves, Helm, Hagerman, Bennet, Gowans of Cobourg, Williams of Cobourg, R. J. Mackie of Oshawa, Phillip, Armstrong, Shepherd, Farquharson, and others.

Brantford.

Miss Shannon of Queen street gave a very pleasant progressive euchre party followed by a dance on Friday evening of last week, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The fact of it being the season of sack-cloth and ashes seemed to have no deterring effect on the spirits of the guests. The drawing-room was beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers. Miss Shannon, who was prettily gowned in cream *crepe de chine*, was ably assisted in receiving by her mother, who looked stately in black silk with jet trimmings. Among those present were: The Misses Balmer, Miss Watt, Miss Mathison, Miss Smith, the Misses Hossie, Miss Cochran, Miss Buck, who was much admired in a sweet gown of pink and fawn, Miss Agnew, who looked remarkably well and was becomingly attired in gray, and Messrs. Wallace, Duncan, Boyce, J. Watt, Jacques, W. Buck, Heyd, R. Watt, Wilcox, and Hewitt. The ladies at the college entertained a few of their gentleman friends on Friday evening. Mr. E. W. H. Van Allen has purchased the Gould residence.

Mrs. Harry Harris has gone on a few weeks' visit to New York and Boston. Miss Roberts, who has been the guest of Mrs. A. S. Hardy, has returned to her home in Toronto.

Whitby.

A delightful audience in Ryerson Hall of the Ontario Ladies' College gathered on Friday evening to hear the second elocution recital for the spring. The programme was: Piano Solo.....Valse Impromptu.....Raff Reading.....Little Chub.....Anon Miss Rathbone.....Miss Rose.....Kjerulf Vocal Solo.....Last Night.....Miss Davis Reading.....Topsy's First Lesson.....H. B. Stowe Reading.....The Swan Song.....K. Brooks Miss Pease. Drama.....A Love of a Bonnet.....Barker Characters: Mrs. Clippier, a widow.....Miss Curtis Kitty, her daughter.....Miss Rose Aunt Juliana Hopkins.....Miss Teesky Mrs. Fanshawe.....Miss Smith Dora, her daughter.....Miss McMurtry Katy Doolan.....Miss McLean Ughers.....Misses Holden and Fraser

Flesherton.

One of the most fashionable events that has taken place in our town for some time came off on Wednesday, March 1, it being the marriage of Miss Annie Field, daughter of the late Capt. John Field of the 31st Battalion, to Mr. J. Stinson, son of Mr. D. Stinson, the well known stockman. The event occurred at the residence of the bride's mother, in the presence of a large number of friends, Miss Field being quite a social favorite. Miss Lou Armstrong acted as bridesmaid and Mr. D. Stinson as best man. Rev. A. Tonge performing the eventual ceremony. Among the guests who sat down to the bridal supper were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Virtue of Chesley, Mr. and Mrs. Morrow of Markdale, Miss Allen and Miss Sadie Allen of Berkeley, Mr. and Miss J. Blakely of Dundalk, Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Misses Bellamy, Smith, Legard, Strain, Keefe, and Gibson, and Messrs. Henderson, Clayton, Runtedlar, Gibson, A. Gibson, Boyd, and Heard.

HORATIO.

St Catharines.

Miss McLaren gave a small afternoon tea to a few of her friends on Wednesday afternoon, February 22. Among those present were: Miss Annie Larkin, Miss Bate, Miss Baxter, the Misses Mack, Miss King, Miss Hay, Miss Burman and others.

On Monday evening, February 27, Miss Ingersoll entertained a few friends, among whom I noticed: Miss Eccles, Miss Beale Clark, Miss Merritt, the Misses Mack, Miss Atkinson, Miss King, Miss Annie Larkin, Mrs. F. Ingersoll, Miss Helen Merritt, Miss Marks, and Messrs. McClean, Stuart, Ramage, Chatterton, Price, Jewmitt, Helliwell, Switzer, Ingersoll and others. Janaschek played to a very fair audience

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by samples two feet long requires considerable experience and reminds one somewhat of Dr. Johnson's man who, in endeavoring to sell his house, carried a sample brick in his pocket. WE HAVE A BETTER PLAN. We are prepared to send full rolls as samples to any address by express and to pay the charges both ways if an order accompanies their return, or to pay the return charges only if no order is given. Our immense stock is thus at the disposal of out of town buyers. And we would in all modesty say that no better stock can be found ANY WHERE that we know of. The new French styles are represented by many novelties of beautiful design and to meet every purse. A few hints as to price, size of room, and color desired is all we require to make up a sample parcel. Another feature of our business is the making of PICTURE MOULDINGS for walls to match the papers bought, at the same or less prices than usually charged.

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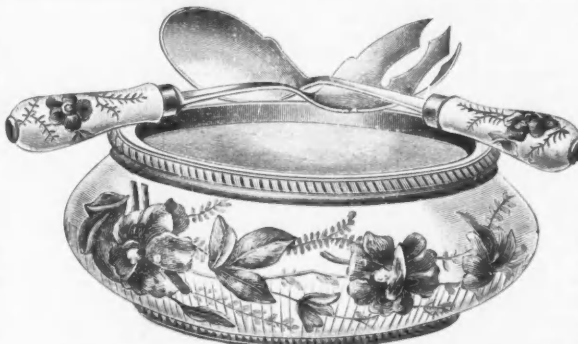
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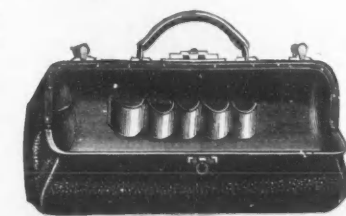
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Miss Souter of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Armitage.

The members of the Fortnightly Club held a mysterious meeting recently at the residence of Miss Emily Bate, the purpose of which I have no doubt we will hear later.

Miss Laing of Toronto is spending a few weeks with Mrs. H. G. Williams of Duke street. Miss Marks of Port Arthur is visiting Mrs. Hamilton of Ingersoll.

Miss Maude Burnham of Port Hope is the guest of Miss McLaren of Yate street. CHAT.

An Innovation in Literature.
"I have introduced a strictly new idea into this story," said Potter to the editor.
"What is it?"
"The clock on the parlor mantel is not French. I have had it made in Connecticut."
"I'm afraid that change is too radical," replied the editor, shaking his head.

"Oh, no; not more to me than to others," Isola answered quickly. "He danced a good many times—twice or three times—with Belinda Crowther. Everybody noticed them as the handsomest couple in the room; not that he is handsome, of course—only tall and distinguished looking."

Allegre came dancing in from the lawn, and broke the thread of the conversation. Isola put the three visiting cards into an envelope and addressed it to Mrs. Vansittart Crowther. She felt that the kindly matron would be puzzled and vexed at this ceremony, from a young person towards whom she had assumed so motherly a tone, urging her to run over to Glenaville at any hour of the day—asking her to lunch or to tea at least once a week—wanting to take her for drives to Lostwithiel, or railway jaunts to Plymouth.

Isola was not mistaken, for Mrs. Crowther called three or four days afterwards and upbraided her for sending the cards.

"You might have all come to tea on Friday, if you had been good-natured," she said. "Mr. Colfox read us a poem by Swinburne, out of one of the new magazines—there are so many nowadays that I never remember which is which. Belinda was delighted with it—but Alicia and I can't rise to her height. Mr. Colfox reads poetry beautifully. You can't judge of his powers by only hearing him read the lessons," added Mrs. Crowther, as if the English Bible were a poor thing.

She stopped an hour, praised Isola's tea-making and the new cook's tea cakes, asked a great many questions about Allegre's ideas and occupations, and was as hearty and simple and friendly and natural as if she had been an amiable duchess.

It grieved Isola to be obliged to refuse an invitation to luncheon, most cordially pressed upon her and Allegre.

"I would drive you both to Lostwithiel after lunch, and we could do our little bit of shopping and then have a cup of tea at the Talbot while the horses had their mouths washed out, and I'd show you the room where your brother's wife was so much admired last winter, Miss Leland, and where I hope you'll have many a good dance next winter. Now the ice is broken we mean to go on with our balls, I can tell you. Indeed, my girls are thinking of trying to get up a tennis club dance about the end of September."

This was the last time Mrs. Vansittart Crowther appeared in this friendly manner at the Angler's Nest, for after two or three further invitations to a picnic—to tea—to lunch—had been declined, in most gracious little notes from Isola, that good lady perceived that there was some kind of barrier to friendly intercourse between her and Colonel Disney's wife, and she told herself with some touch of honest middle-class dignity that if Martin Disney was proud she could be proud too, and that she would make no further offer of friendship which was undesired.

"I suppose he thinks because he comes of a good old family, while we have made our money in trade, that we are not quite good enough to associate with his wife and sister," she said to her daughters. "I thought he was too much of a gentleman to have such a petty feeling."

"How innocent you are, mother," cried Alicia contemptuously. "Can't you see that they are all bursting with envy? That was what made the colonel so gloomy and disagreeable the night of our little dinner. He was vexed to see things done with as good taste as in a nobleman's house. It cuts these poor gentilities to the quick to see that. They don't much mind our being rich, if we will only be vulgar and uneducated. But when we have the impertinence to be as well up in the ways of good society as they are themselves, they can't forgive us. Good taste in a parvenu is an unpardonable sin."

"Well, I don't know," mused Mrs. Crowther sadly. "I'm sure there's neither pride nor envy in Isola, and Miss Leland looks a frank, straightforward girl, above all foolish nonsense; so it must be the colonel's fault that they've cut us."

"Cut us!" echoed Belinda. "The Angler's Nest cutting Glenaville is rather too absurd an idea."

"My dear, you don't know the importance Cornish people attach to old family—and the Disneys are a very old family—and no one can deny that he is a gentleman, though we don't like him."

"Oh, no doubt he considers that he belongs to the landed gentry. He has bought Rowe's farm, two hundred and sixty acres. He had forty to begin with, so he is now lord of three hundred acres, just half our home farm."

"His cousin, Sir Luke Disney, has a large estate near Marazion," said Mrs. Crowther meekly.

"Yes, but we don't reckon a man's importance by his cousin's estate. Colonel Disney is only a squatter in this part of the country."

Alicia pronounced the word with gusto. It

had been whispered to her that the squire of Fowey had spoken of her father—who counted his acres by thousands—as a squatter. That unimpeachable importance, founded upon the established respectability of bygone centuries—centuries in which men wore armor and women breakfasted on beef and ale—was not to be bought with gold and silver, and the want of it often made the Misses Crowther angry. Diamonds they could have, and land, art and beauty, even the ways and manners of good society, but they could not buy themselves a history. Everybody knew that their splendor had all come out of a cloth mill, that their gold had for the most part been squeezed out of pestiferous woolen rags and Jewish quarters in strange cities, ground into shoddy and rolled off the loom as smooth and lustrous cloth.

Mrs. Crowther was sorry to lose Isola as a friend and protégée. Her daughters were furious at the slight implied in this gradual dropping away. They passed Mrs. Disney and her sister-in-law with their noses in the air as they went from the church porch to their carriage. They cut them ostentatiously if they met on the quiet country roads. Mrs. Crowther would still stop and speak and shake hands, albeit she urged no further invitations.

And while the gulf widened between the great house and the small one, the glorious Cornish summer waned, and slowly, slowly melted away, lingering very late in that fair Western land, which was full of flowers even when the home counties were being withered and blackened by the first frosts. At last came winter, and the gradual turn of the year; short days slowly lengthening out by leisurely sunsets, pale snowdrops glimmering in the borders; and then the gold of crocuses, and the bright blue of the Siberian bellflower in patches of vivid color; and then hyacinths and tulips, primroses on every bank, narcissus and jonquill in every garden; and then the full glory of blue-bell and hawthorn blossom. And anon in the middle of May came an event in which all the interests of Colonel Disney's life seemed to culminate. In that balmy May time Isola's firstborn son came into the world, and Isola's young life hovered at the gate of death. In so terrible an uncertainty that Martin Disney's hair grew gray while he awaited the issue of the contest between youth and disease.

For more than a week after the birth of her baby, Isola's condition had satisfied the trained nurse and the kindly doctor. She was very white and weak, and she showed less interest in her baby than most young mothers—a fact which Mr. Baynam ascribed to over-education.

"The young women of the present day aren't half such good mothers as those I used to attend when I began practice," he said disconcertedly. "Their heads are stuffed with poetry and such like. They're nervous and fanciful—and the upshot of it all is that babies have to be wet-nursed or brought up by hand. If I had the making of a new republic I wouldn't allow any married woman the run of a library until she had reared the last of her babies. What does a young married woman want with book-learning? She ought to have enough to do to look after her husband and her nursery."

Before the baby son was a fortnight old, fever supervened, and Isola's state gave poor Dr. Baynam the deepest alarm. A hospital nurse was sent for to assist the established custodian, and a great authority was brought over from Plymouth to approve the village doctor's treatment, and to make a trifling alteration in a prescription, substituting bromide of sodium for bromide of potassium.

Many days and nights of delirium followed the physician's visit, a period in which the patient was watched at every hour of the day and night; and one of the most constant watchers through all that dreary time was Martin Disney. It was in vain that Allegre and the nurses urged him to consider his own health. He would consent only to leave the sick room for briefest intervals of rest. Day after day, night after night, he sat in the same chair beside the bed—an old-fashioned arm-chair, with projecting sides, which almost hid him from the patient. He was never in the way of the nurse. He was always helpful when a man's help was needed. He was so quiet that it was impossible to object to his presence. He was there like a statue of patience. No moan escaped his pallid lips; no tear stole down his haggard cheek. He sat and watched and waited for the issue, which was to make him happy or desolate for ever.

All his future was involved in that issue. He looked with a faint smile upon the pink little baby face, when they brought his son to him. No one would have dared to suggest that he should take care of himself and be comforted for that little one's sake. They all knew that his firstborn was nothing to him. All his love and care, all his hopes and his fears were centered in the wife who lay upon the bed with glassy eyes and babbling lips, a wanderer in a strange shadow world full of torturing images—fountains of bubbling water which she longed

to drink—great black serpents, which came crawling in at the window, and creeping nearer, nearer to her bed—wriggling, hideous forms that hemmed her in on every side—giant staircases that she was always trying to climb—mammoth caves in which she lost herself, fifty times bigger and more awful than those serpentine caverns near the Lizard, which she and Allegre had explored in the previous autumn—steeper, stonier than the tall cliffs and pinnacled rocks above Bedruthan sands.

Day after day, night after night, Martin Disney sat in his place and listened to those ravings of a mind distraught. He could not keep himself from trying to follow her in that labyrinth of disconnected fancies—visions of shapeless horror, trouble, confusion—a piling up of numbers, millions, billions, trillions—as if her days of health and sense had been spent in the calculations of a Rothschild, she who could scarcely add up the simplest account in a tradesman's book.

What had she to do with this torturing recital of thousands and millions, this everlasting heaping up of figures?

Then at another period of that long struggle between life and death, reason and unreason, she had a ghastly vision of two children, squatting on each side of her bed, one living, the other dead, a grisly child with throat cut from ear to ear. Again and again she conjured them to take away those babies—the dead child—the living child, which grinned and made faces at her.

Once and once only during that season of delirium the elder of her nurses carried the baby to her bedside, the tiny and delicate form in snowy cambric and lace, a little roseate face, on which the first glimmer of intelligence was already dawning, sweet blue eyes that smiled at the light, rosy lips that invited kisses. The nurse took the infant to the side of the bed, and asked the young mother to look at him. Those fever-bright eyes stared at the sweet small face with a gaze of ever-growing horror, and then with a wild shriek Isola clasped her hands before her eyes, and drew herself covering to the further side of the bed. "The dead child," she cried. "Why do you show me that dead child? Don't you see his throat streaming with blood?"

It was a case in which the nurses had no easy duty by day or night, and there were times when Disney insisted that the night nurse should have extra rest, while he kept guard.

"But if she should be very bad, sir, you might not be able to manage."

"Oh, yes, I should. My sister is a very light sleeper. She would come to me in a moment, and she has a great deal of influence with my wife."

This was true. From the beginning of evil Allegre's presence had exercised a soothing power. She had been able to lull the patient to sleep sometimes, when opiates had failed to produce even fitful slumber. Isola was calmer and less restless when her sister-in-law was by her side.

In those long night watches, sometimes in solitude, Martin Disney had ample leisure in which to ponder upon his wedded life, and to consider how far the hopes with which he had entered upon that life had been realized. The retrospect left him melancholy, and with a latent sense of loss and disappointment; and yet he told himself again and again that he did ill to be dissatisfied, that Providence had dealt kindly with him.

At forty years of age, he, Martin Disney, of modest fortune and social status, and of no especial claim to be admired, intellectual or physical, had won the hand of a lovely and interesting girl. He had been so bewildered and overcome by the delight of his conquest, that he had entered upon no laborious process of self-examination before he took to himself this fair and winning partner. It had been enough for him that she came to him willingly, lovingly, in all truth and girlish simplicity, loyal as she was pure. He had never asked himself could such an attachment last—on her side. It had been enough for him that the love existed. It would be his duty and his delight to strengthen the bond, to draw that fair spirit into closer union with his own. He had felt no shadow of fear for the future. Once having won her, it must be easy to keep his treasure, easy for him who would so faithfully guard and cherish this priceless gift of a benign Providence. He was a man of deep religious feeling, a man who recognized in good and evil, in joy and in sorrow, the dealings of an Almighty God with His short-sighted creatures. He accepted Isola's love as the crowning blessing of his life—accepted it in fear and trembling, knowing the instability of all mortal joys—but he had never feared the loss of love.

Yet now, sitting in the deep of night beside that bed which might be the bed of death, he told himself that his wife's love was lost to him, had been lost from the hour of his return to Trelasco, when he went back to her with all the enthusiasm of a lover—forgetful of his mature years, of his long experience of life, hard fighting, hard knocks of all kinds in the great life-battle.

He had gone back to her as Leander to Hero, a boy in heart and hopefulness—and what had he found in her? A placid, obedient wife, gentle almost to passivity, but with a strain of melancholy underlying all their relations which his devoted love could not conquer.

To all his interrogations her answer had been the same. She was not unhappy. She had

everything in life that she desired. There was nothing that he could give her, no change in their existence which could be brought about that would add to her content. All this should mean domestic peace, a heart at ease; yet all this was unsatisfying to Martin Disney, for his instinct told him that his wife was not happy—that the element of gladness was, for some inscrutable reason, banished from her life.

She had seemed happier, or at least the little home had been brighter and gayer, after Allegre's coming; but as the time wore on it became clear to him that the life and safety were all in Allegre herself, and that Isola was spiritless and depressed. It was as if the spring of her life had snapped suddenly and left her nerveless and joyless, a submissive, unhelpful creature. That sense of disappointment and loss which he had dimly felt, even when his home-coming had been a new thing, had grown and deepened with the passage of time. He had bought his land, he had added to the space and comfort of his house, he had enlarged the stables and bought a couple of hunters and a cob for harness, and while these things had been doing, the activity of his days, the work of arrangement and supervision had occupied his mind so pleasantly as to stifle those growing doubts for the time being. But when all was done—when the vine and the fig-tree had been planted, and he sat down to take his ease beneath their umbrage—then he began to feel very keenly that his wife's part in all that he had done was the part of submission only. She liked this or that because he liked it. She was content; and that was all. And the line between contentment and resignation is so faint a demarcation that it seemed to him sometimes that she was only resigned; as if she suffered life rather than lived; suffered life as holy women suffer some slow, wasting disease, in meek submission to a mysterious decree.

He sat beside her bed while she battled with all the demons of delirium; and he wondered whether when she had been at her best—when her mind had been brightest and clearest—she had been any nearer to him than she was now in her madness; whether he had known any more of her inner self, the mystery of her heart and conscience, than he knew now while those wild eyes stared at him without sight or knowledge.

One summer morning, as he sat alone in his watch in that dull interval between darkness and dawn, the visions of the wandering mind took a more consecutive form than usual. She fancied herself in a storm at sea. The waves were rolling mountains high, were bearing down upon her with threatenings of instant death. She feared and yet she courted them. In one minute she was recoiling from the wild rush of water, clinging distractedly to the brass rail at the head of her bed, crouching against the wall as if to save herself from an advancing wave; and in the next minute she sprang out of bed and rushed to the open window, wanting to throw herself out of it. Disney was only just quick enough to seize her in his arms and carry her back to bed. He held her there, battling with him in a maniacal effort to escape from his restraining arms.

"Why do you stop me?" she cried, looking at him fiercely with her distracted eyes. "What else is there for me? What other refuge, what other hope? Let me go, let me go. Cruel, cruel, cruel! Let me throw myself into the sea. Don't you understand? Oh, cruel, cruel! Cold and wicked, heartless and cruel! There is nothing else—only that refuge left. Let me hide myself in death—let me hide—hide!"

Her voice rose to a shriek, and both the nurse and Allegre came rushing in. The faint white dawn shone upon her livid face, and on the scarlet spot upon each hollow cheek. Her eyes stared wildly, starting from their sockets in the awful climax of her madness.

(To be Continued.)

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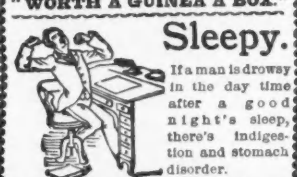
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The Fiances—No two persons think alike, I suppose. The Caller—You'll not say that when you see your wedding presents coming in.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a sixteen-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:
 One Year.....\$2 00
 Six Months.....1 00
 Three Months.....50
 Delivered in Toronto, 50c per annum extra.
 Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. VI TORONTO, MAR. 18, 1893. [No. 17]

The Drama.

ROSINA VOKES' visit last week was one of the most enjoyable that this charming actress has paid Toronto for a long time. The result was achieved through a combination of circumstances; new pieces were staged, the company was a good one right through, and the Grand at each performance was filled with people who appreciated the vim and fizz of Miss Vokes. Under such circumstances what could go amiss? Although the honest vanished face of an orchestra chair is as intelligent and responsive as some human countenances seen now and then, yet on the average an actress can do better work when the chairs are hidden behind people who have paid their way in.

Sunset, by Jerome K. Jerome, is a strong, one-act piece, and Ffollet Paget and Blanche Burton, as the sisters, brought out all there was in it. Miss Paget is a lady of talent, and many people were surprised that she should only appear in one short play out of the four put on here. An altogether different bill was presented at Montreal and other places, and no doubt Miss Paget has heavy parts to handle. I should like to see the vivacious Rosina and the talented Paget in a good play affording scope for their entirely different powers. One thing spoken of Miss Vokes to her everlasting credit is this, that she is superior to the small jealousy which causes so many stars to surround themselves with dubs and female dunces. The fact that Paget is in the company proves her title to praise in this respect.

Felix Morris would never have won his present reputation by such a performance as he gave in My Lord in Livery. Gleams of his talent came out here and there, but he made his cowardice and terror so extravagant that the same work would have been roundly condemned if performed by any less person than Felix Morris. Yet Morris is wonderfully clever, and if he goes on the road next year at the head of a company he is sure to make for himself a name and a place. However, I repeat that his work in My Lord in Livery is not to be compared with his treatment of a similar part in A Double Lesson last season.

Grossmith's delightful entertainment drew good houses at the Grand for the first two nights of the week, but not such large houses as greeted him when here a month ago. It was not to be expected. The latter part of the week was devoted to Mr. Hodgson, a local hypnotist, under the management of Mr. J. C. Connor.

The sparkling comedy Jane will visit the Grand next week. It is one of the most vivacious of productions and is making money for Charles Frohman. It was here once before and those who saw it then will turn out in force to see it again.

The Span of Life will be on at the Academy next week. I gave a synopsis of its plot in our last issue and have nothing further to add.

L. R. Shewell's affecting comedy drama, Shadows of a Great City, will be produced at Jacobs and Sparrow's Opera House next week, with all its massive and startling scenery. It is not built upon scenes in a life of which the American public know nothing. It is not only pervaded with a real human sympathy, but as a matter of fact brings the theater-goer into contact with a dramatic and realistic representation of places and localities with which he is familiar. It vividly illustrates all phases of life in New York city, and depicts their worst and best forms in the vices and virtues of its naturally and effectively drawn characters. The company is under the management of Charles B. and Thomas Jefferson (sons of the renowned Joseph Jefferson) and L. R. Shewell.

The Theatrical Mechanical Association's entertainment in Jacobs & Sparrow's opera house on Friday afternoon of last week was a pronounced success. Besides the performance given by the companies from the different theaters, some of the best amateur talent in the city lent a hand. W. E. Ramsay was funny, the Toronto Male Quartette sang well, as did Miss Lilli Kleiser and Miss Minnie Gaylord.

Skipped by the Light of the Moon, which is being played at the Toronto this week, is one of the best things that have been seen at that house this season, and I regret that I only saw part of the performance. I say part, because, although I was there the whole time, my view of the stage was spoiled by a young lady in front of me who wore a HAT. It was as broad and as high as the pyramid of Cheops; it was black, inartistic and unfashionable. I am aware that readers may say that my violent attack is inspired by the spite I feel at having missed the play. They are welcome to that opinion, for it does not alter the fact that the HAT was there. What I did see was by crouching down in my seat and peering under the eave of the brim that stretched out like an immense veranda, and had it not been for the enjoyable character of the performance I am afraid that my duty to this paper would not have been sufficiently powerful to enable me to stand the annoyance. The

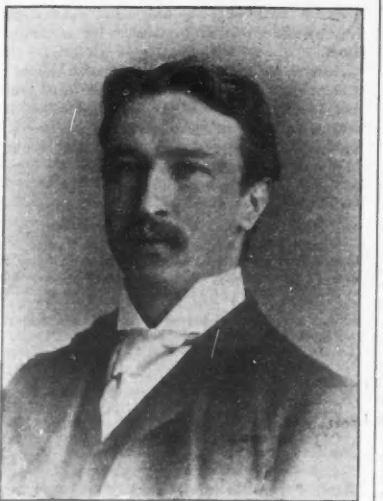
funny acting of G. A. Booker and Budd Ross, however, was well worth a sacrifice, for they are two clever comedians. Indeed, the whole company is a good one and very evenly balanced. The songs and dances were first-rate, the humor was clean and fresh and the actors richly deserved the applause they gained. C. J. Hagan and Dodie Tracey did some of the best side acting that has been seen in Jacobs & Sparrow's theater.

I am going to revert to the subject of hats and state that I think Manager Morris would confer a boon upon theater-goers if he would issue a ukase ordering the removal of their headwear by ladies as well as gentlemen. It is the law in many European theaters and also in some in the States. There are several advantages to be gained. Firstly, everybody can see; secondly, it is infinitely more comfortable; thirdly, it gives the audience a far more refined and artistic appearance than it has under the present conditions. Many people go to the theater with the same intentions as they go to church, to advertise the eccentricities of their tailors and milliners and to criticize the garb of their neighbors. They are making a great mistake to thus waste their money, as the attention of the audience is concentrated on the stage and not on one another.

Moore's Musee has some good features in the programme this week. In the lecture hall a foreign professor gives some pretty experiments in electricity to the accompaniment of music played by an ambi-dexterous individual who is an orchestra in himself. The great attraction, however, is Punch and Judy of perennial juvenescence, the same old Punch who amused us in early youth, when we laughed so heartily at the threadbare jokes and whose powers lose none of their effect as age creeps over us. To my mind Punch is the most wonderful being in the theatrical profession. He was venerable when Theopis and his troupe tramped through Greece because they were unable to pay railway fare. He has performed before all the kings and queens who ever yet lived. His journey down through the ages has had a modifying influence, for he is but human, as proved by certain contradictions in his attire and accoutrements. He still carries, and uses with effect, the same old club which he carried in the day of prehistoric man, while he wears the cap which covered his head when attached to the suite of King Lear. And yet he is a standing reproach to every community, for while people trouble their heads about such trifles as the age of the world, the antiquity of Egyptian civilization, the existence or non-existence of Atlantis, the name of the man who discovered Punch is buried in oblivion. I say discovered with reason, for Punch is not an invention, he is an evolution. Downstairs in the theater there are songs, dances and acrobatic performances, all of which possess a certain amount of merit. D. G.

Banquet to Mr. Thomas Tait.

Mr. Thomas Tait, who has recently been promoted from the superintendency of the Ontario and Quebec Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Toronto to the Assistant General Manager of the same road, with offices at Montreal, left the city so quietly and speedily that his friends had not time to give him a send-off. This, however, was repaired on Monday evening when a banquet in his honor was given at the Board of Trade



MR. THOMAS TAIT.

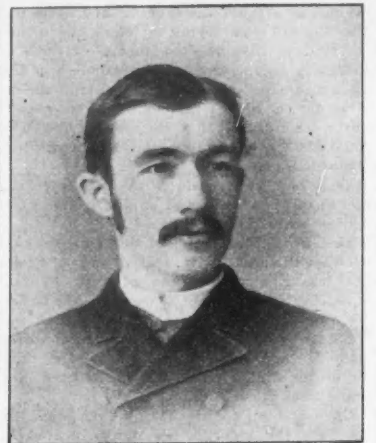
restaurant. It was a most enthusiastic affair, and all the local departments of the C.P.R. were represented by officers who in their speeches evinced the esteem in which Mr. Tait is held. Mr. G. M. Bosworth presided and the others who sat at the table were: Messrs. J. N. Sutherland, W. B. Langdon, W. K. Thompson, J. H. Barber, A. Price, A. L. Hertzberg, A. P. Walker, James Wilson, Hon. R. M. Wells, A. MacMurchy, T. M. Jubb, J. W. Leonard, W. S. Stout, J. A. Boswell, George Preston, J. W. Webster, John Wanless, T. Williams, E. G. Henderson, R. R. Jamieson, A. K. Kirkpatrick, F. P. Brady, S. F. Belknap, George S. MacKinnon, James Kerr, Robert Miller, George Spencer, D. R. Bell, G. R. VanNorman, C. Sheehy, H. Pringle, W. J. Grant, V. A. Grant, W. R. Callaway.

The chairman in proposing the toast of Our Guest referred to the many sterling qualities of Mr. Tait as a man and as a railroad official, and Mr. Tait replied neatly.

Mr. J. W. Leonard, who is Mr. Tait's successor as superintendent of the Ontario and Quebec division, was also present and was one of the speakers of the evening. The banquet was an all-round success, both in the way of a fitting farewell to Mr. Tait and of a welcome to Mr. Leonard.

Mr. Tait was, together with his charming wife, so popular socially in Toronto that his departure deserves more than passing mention. He is a young railroad whose genius is as phenomenal as his success. Mr. Tait is still under thirty, yet he stands second under President Van Horne in the management of one of the greatest railroads in the world. During his stay in Toronto he became known and admired among business men

for the foresight and vigor of his methods, and those who came in contact with him no longer were surprised at the rapidity of his rise under the shrewd Mr. Van Horne. Mr. Tait's railroad career has simply been a series of rapid promotions. Nothing can show this so well as the following extract in the compressed language of the Biographical Directory of Railway Officials of America: Born July 24, 1864, Melbourne, P.Q.; educated at High School, Montreal; matriculated at McGill College,



MR. J. W. LEONARD

Montreal, July, 1881. Entered railway service September, 1880; to July, 1881, clerk audit office Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal; July to October, 1881, clerk in office of assistant to president Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway; October, 1881, to April, 1882, clerk solicitor's office Grand Trunk Railway, Belleville, Ont.; April to October, 1882, clerk general manager's office same road; October, 1882, to September, 1886, private secretary to vice-president and general manager Canadian Pacific Railway; September, 1886, to May 23, 1887, clerk general traffic manager's office; May 23, 1887, to February 1, 1889, assistant superintendent Canadian Pacific Railway at Moose Jaw; February 1, 1889, to March 12, 1890, superintendent Ontario division, Toronto; March 12, 1890, to March 1, 1893, general superintendent Ontario & Quebec division, Toronto; March 1, 1893, assistant general manager all lines Canadian Pacific Railway. Son of Mr. Justice Tait, Montreal. Married December 10, 1890, to Miss Cockburn, daughter of Mr. George R. R. Cockburn, M. P., Toronto.

From the Railway Directory we also quote a brief biography of Mr. J. W. Leonard, the new superintendent of the Ontario and Quebec Division. It may be remarked that Mr. Leonard has a faculty for making fast friends, as well as a born talent for railroading, and in every place where he has been stationed people will hear with pleasure of his advancement. Mr. Leonard was born in 1864. Commenced railroading as telegraph operator at Peterboro, 1874, on the Midland Railway, now a part of the G. T. R.; went to Lindsay as agent for the Victoria Railway in 1878; appointed assistant manager in 1879; came to Credit Valley Railway as general passenger agent in 1880; on the amalgamation of the C. V. Railway and the T. G. & B., the C. P. R. taking control, was appointed assistant superintendent, serving in that capacity in Toronto and British Columbia; in 1890 was appointed superintendent of Atlantic Division, now known as lines east of Montreal; and has now been appointed general superintendent of the Ontario and Quebec Division.

Irving's Elastic Corporation.

FEW and far between are those members of the dramatic profession who have achieved glory upon the stage without attaining at the same time unsought and oftentimes unenviable notoriety in the columns of the press.

When it leaks out, however, as it sometimes does, that the spicy little anecdote in which some well known actor or actress figures conspicuously, has emanated entirely from the fertile imagination of the manager, one loses considerable faith in the authenticity of such reports.

Frequently it happens that no reader of such an interesting item is more surprised than the hero or heroine of the romance, and if new to the business they watch its constant repetition in the dramatic columns of the press with mingled sensations of awe and bewilderment, until at last they almost persuade themselves that it must be true.

This preamble is necessary because of the exalted position which the hero of the following incident occupies, and the fact that the only guarantee of its veracity which I can offer is the word of an erstwhile member of the exalted one's company.

Those who have seen Henry Irving in any of his better known roles will hardly believe that he once undertook the character of Falstaff, but such (on the authority of my informant) is the case.

Henry is by no means naturally adapted, either from a physical or vocal standpoint, for such an impersonation, but it was in his younger days when his genius was unrecognized, and he was practically unknown.

It was Falstaff and bread and butter, or hunger, the result being that bread and butter won the day.

After having played the part several nights with the orthodox Falstaffian corporation, which (owing to that absence of solidity which was a still more striking characteristic of the great actor in those hungry days than it is now) required so voluminous a padding that his histrionic efforts were considerably hampered thereby, he decided to adopt some less weighty substitute, and to this end, manufactured a large air-tight india-rubber bag which fitted underneath the well known buff jerkin, and was inflated—like the toy balloons—through a tube.

The adoption of this expedient proved very welcome; it combined lightness with bulk and was such a relief after the discarded featherbed that his acting improved at once and he might have been playing the part still but for

an unfortunate occurrence which took place at Birmingham, I think my informant said. The role of Prince Henry was in the hands of a confirmed practical joker, who being told of the rubber bag took the opportunity afforded by a bit of business which consisted of a poke in the ribs administered by him to Falstaff, of puncturing the gatta percha corporation with a small penknife which he had concealed in his hand, and at whose insidious prick the wealth of stomach vanished like ice cream at a Sunday school festival, while the joker added insult to injury by quoting that line of Hall's poem, The Passage of the Israelites, which reads:

"Behold the vasty 'waist' hath disappeared."
 As I said before, I do not guarantee the absolute truth of this story. UNCLE ARTIE.

An Alarm Clock at College.

THE idea of the alarm clock is very funny. It originated in the desire to get up early. Its main use is to enable you to calculate how much longer you can sleep. It is better for this purpose than a person. If you get a person to call you in the morning you are entirely at his mercy, and he bullies you until you do get up. It is queer that no matter how careless a person may be in other things, he will take any amount of trouble to wake anyone else up in the morning. But in the case of an alarm clock it is different. It simply warns you, and if you don't get up it doesn't matter to the clock. It doesn't pull the clothes off you or pour water on you. And if you don't care about getting up you can pretend you don't hear it. I remember hearing of a student who used to get the servant to call him in the morning at five, so that he could have the pleasure of going to sleep again. This is where an alarm clock would come in handy.

We had one of them at college, Rob and I. It was a very conscientious article at first, always calling us punctually. It used to fairly startle us before we got used to it. But after the third morning we used often to pretend we didn't hear it, and then when we had missed breakfast and chapel we used to blame the clock and say it hadn't gone off. But generally we used to smother it by putting pillows over it. Rob got so at last that he could wake out of a sound sleep and put two pillows on it before the sixth tick. On Sundays we used to sit in bed and smoke, and we had no early chapel. When the clock went off we just laughed at it. This was a positive luxury, being able to laugh at the clock. We used to look forward to this treat all the week. It had two or three bad falls from the bureau in the course of the term, and from being a nice-tempered, conscientious clock it became the most obstinate, self-willed brute of a thing you could possibly imagine. It went off when it liked, and when it did Rob had to get up and pacify it, as it would go for ten minutes running. I got out of this by saying I did not understand how it worked.

It gradually grew worse and took to jumping off the bureau of its own accord and galloping around the room, making at the same time a fiendish noise. The first time this happened you could hear chairs being knocked about, thumps on the wall and floor, and other strange noises, as the clock gave us to understand that it was running the room and wished us to understand it. We each fancied that the other had gone mad, and each kept quite still waiting with beating hearts for further developments. Then each tried to reach for matches from the bureau without getting out of bed, but as the bureau was some five feet away, this was a matter of some difficulty. Then we began to dress in bed. But by this time the clock had danced under the bureau and become quiet. So we went to sleep. In the morning we found that it had been the clock which had made all the row. Rob voted to sell it and we tried to, but were unsuccessful, as everyone scouted the idea of purchasing it. Then we tried to give it away, but the fellows laughed at us. Finally we had to give the gyp fifty cents to take it as a present for his ceaseless and unrelenting attention to us for the last two terms. C. A. S. B.

A Shady Interview.

"I've come for your ideas on some phases of the woman question," he said, leaning over the side of Charon's boat, to Sappho on the bank of the river Styx.

She looked at him with large-eyed calm and waved her hand.

"Shall woman vote?"

"Let it be decided by a vote of the women themselves."

"Is woman valuer than man?"

"I have never collected statistics on the subject."

Sappho's tones were clear and far-reaching. The listening shades jostled each other on the river bank.

The reporter skipped the next, which was, Will the coming woman be bald?

"Has woman the creative faculty?"

"How about Eve?" piped an interested spectator.

"What's her own opinion on the subject?" smiled Sappho, conscious of worth and wondering why some of her critics didn't speak.

"Just one more," entreated the reporter as Charon put out his oars. "Shall we wear crinolines?"

"What's that in your boat?" roared Socrates, rising red-faced, his ruling passion strong in death.

"A reporter," answered Charon, and dipped his oars.

"Not a man after all." The gentleman shades sat down with a gasp of relief.

But far and faint across the gloomy water rang Sappho's clarion tones: "Ask him, Charon, where he wants to wear it!" PENNY.

A Light That Failed.

Mrs. Nothing—Mary, what is that trouble between you and your husband?

Mrs. It—He's a brute! You know that lovely piano lamp I wanted for so long and gave him on Christmas! Well, he said it was lovely and just what he wanted; and then the horrid wretch took it down to his office next day!

Why Hank Jones Objected to Preachers.*

So you're comin' to live amongst us, to foller our work and ways,
 Well, I want no blamed young tenderfoot a-teachin' me prayer and praise.
 If I want to climb to heaven and knock at the golden gate,
 I guess I can do the climbin' withouten your helpin', mate.

The misus is shoutin' for ever and sayin' the selfsame thing,
 "You're never bin to church, Hank, sence yer give me my weddin' ring."
 And the saints and devils is rastlin' with many a prayer and cry
 For the lashtin' care of yer sinful soul." Well, let 'em rastle, says I.

She says as I'm gettin' an infidel 'cos I gets on a bit of a tear,
 Which every man as is a man is doin' the same, I'll swear;
 Are yer goin' to gibe at a man for that and hold him up to scorn,
 'Cos he lets his angry feelin's bust and takes an honest horn?

What's that yer say 'bout the "glory of the circumambient air,"
 That I shouldn't defile with cousin' what's made so blight and fair?
 And yer'd like to live for ever on such enchanted ground?
 Well, wait till the alsters is buzzin' and the black flies waltzin' round.

Wait till the crops is growin' and the cattle is raisin' Cain,
 And yer chasin' 'em out in yer shift at night in a peltin' storm o' rain;
 And yer stube yer toes in the faller at every possible chance,
 Why, the bull ten plagues of Egypt, they want a circum-

stancin' band!
 Wait till the frogs is croakin' and coughin' to beat the band!
 Wait till the owls is roamin' all over the blessed land!
 Wait till yer drivin' oxen and the critters is fightin' shy!

You won't be quotin' to xee—you'll be comin' as had as I.

Why don't I like the preachers? Well, I've seen but a precious few;
 And the most on 'em hustled for Number One and kicked up a how-de-do,
 Turnin' the weashe's heads and hearin' w' thinkin' of marriage vows,
 When they'd dorned site better be feedin' the hens or tendin' the sheep and cows.

"Parsons are not like that, my friend. Your views are quite astray.
 They strive to do their duty in their own imperfect way.
 Your fault it is, who set them up as passive stocks and stones,
 To find, alas! that like yourself, they're mortal flesh and bones."

Yer happy right! I've found 'em out—a dandy from Dandytown,
 Come brootin' it here thro' the woods last year, a-seedin' the Gospel down.
 "Convertin' the Sons of Bala!"—Yes, them was the words he said.

And though he called me a "child of sin," I gave him board and bed.

I was up in the mornin' early, but blamed if ever a sight could I get of the hostil' preacher chap I'd boarded over night.
 His coat and pants was hangin' up at the back of the kitchen door,
 And y'd think the pigs of the township had bin rootin' up the floor.

There was drowns here and fallas there, and the drawers was opened wide,
 Danged if ever I thought we had such a heap o' things inside.

But he'd stole my city coat and pants and he'd got right clear away,
 For he hadn't forgot in his haste ter leave to borrow my hose and sleigh.

I was ragin' mad but I had ter laugh till I almost took the leaves.
 Dyer see the family Bible yon? Well, right amongst the leaves,
 There was eighty or ninety dollars a-lyin' cosy and flat,
 And yer bet the pious varmint never dreamt of openin' that!

I got my hose and sleigh again, but if ever I meet that cuss,
 There's the goin' to be a marmoset or some at a durned site worse!

There may be some as is honest, and some like you, that's green,
 But, like teeth in a Shanghai rooster, they're few and far between.

F. M. DELA FOSS.

* A sequel to the above showing How Hank Jones Returned to the Fold will appear in a future issue.—Ed.

The Greek Pirate.

For Saturday Night.

Now, bold men all, who round my table sit,
 I promised you a story
 That would in no way bore you,
 Of the days before an honest life I quit.
 I loved a Sorcrista—
 Falsely Alpha Beta;
 A pretty Greekian maid she was,
 With deep blue eyes,
 As cloudless skies.

A girl that all might love with cause.

Two years or more we loved in perfect peace.
 At length when long we'd tarried,
 Eventually we married
 And took a little cottage on the coast.
 Her father was a farmer,
 And with long-drawn sighs
 And tears within my eyes,
 I left my love to stem the Turkish host.

A four years' war, and nearly at an end,
 When I asked permission
 To sell out my commission,
 And homeward my weary steps to wend—
 There came a long lost letter
 That made me wish the better
 That I were loosed and free.

A little girl,
 A perfect pearl,
 With her mother, longed and waited for the sea.

When home at length I came, when war was at an end,
 I felt so gay and merry,
 With a heart as light and airy
 As the saints to an honest man can send.
 I neared the seaside cottage
 With scarcely once a stoppage,
 When—horror! What there did I see!
 Beside the moon
 A heap of ruin,
 The ruins of our cottage by the sea.

Yes! brave men all, the Turks had passed by there,
 The houses all were riven,
 Then to the flames were given—
 Carramba! 'twas more than I could bear.
 I thought of wife and daughter,
 My eyes turned toward the water.

Ah, yes, a pirate I would be!
 And that is why
 That you and I
 Are the terror of the Argos Sea.

ALLAN DOUGLAS BRIDGES.

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 and noble

Between You and Me.

LOVE spring, especially after a nice, clean, crisp winter such as we have been blessed with this year, but even spring has its drawbacks! One of 'em is baby carriages! A baby carriage on a back street is an accepted fact, two baby carriages are a nuisance, three are a distinct tribulation. What do you then call them on the busy, crowded thoroughfares, where the wretched wheels of them are only occupied in catching up the dirt off the foot paths and plastering it over your best mantle or gown, where the mothers, God bless 'em, want to wheel the carriage and look in the shop windows at the same moment, where the babies hang over the side, or lie back and strangle or sit up and squall? Verily the unabridged dictionary hasn't a word that comes within miles of describing them. There are as many different sorts of carriages as there are erratic ways of wheeling them. Here comes one that belongs to the first-born hope of his fond Pa and Ma! It is an enameled rattan, with velvet cushions and a rug of white plush, with "Baby" on it in blue floss embroidery, and the little mamma who owns it thinks she owns the sidewalk and the trolley car tracks and the roadway as well! She just pushes ahead, and if she smudges the bishop's coat tails, or runs over the policeman's feet, or ruins the elegant gray bengaline of the *grande dame's* spring frock, or calls the motor man's heart to his mouth, or stops a funeral cortege, she never hurries nor halts. It never seems to occur to her that earth holds creatures or things with rights. Her new perambulator, her new baby, and her infatuated and beatified self are world enough, as she takes her walks abroad in these first sunny spring mornings.

There is one baby carriage that I always forgive, though it smudge me, and step on my corns, and wound my shine. There is always a round-faced baby in it, with a woolen hood, and there are parcels tucked under the old plaid shawl that acts as lap rug to the baby, which hump up in surprising shapes and corners and suggest abnormal growths all over the round-faced little center-piece. The mother is worn, and tired, and anxious, and she jerks the carriage from side to side, trying her best to avoid the stream of people who throng the cheap stores where she must do her shopping. She has been, I verily believe, trying to avoid crowds all her life, she is so quick and so dexterous. I have seen her in front of Eaton's and on the crossing at King and Yonge streets, and in various other tight corners, I have nearly run over her with my wheel, (she is the only woman who ever paused for me, when to go on would have made me either turn round, dismount, or run over her). I don't suppose she will be on hand this year, unless the round-faced baby's nose is "out of joint," but if she is, I shall not regard her as any drawback to spring.

Talking of this woman makes me remark how one gets accustomed to seeing certain people, at certain times, and misses them when they vanish into the unknown. There are various folks about town, at the restaurant, in the cars, on the streets, whose faces I know and whose frocks or suits I could describe to a hair, and whom I am in daily terror I shall bow to, from sheer familiarity with their personal appearance. Sometimes a chance encounter, a slip on the ice, a door held open, sometimes the power of constant propinquity has made us forget the dumbness we have so valiantly maintained and we have struck up quite a chatty camaraderie.

I had a refreshing sensation of surprise in reading a six-line paragraph in the *Illustrated American* last week. This paper is "one of the finest," and except when it gets off such news as is in the paragraph I am talking of, is full of interesting and charming reading. Says the *Illustrated American*, "Canada is in a fever of delight over the approaching visit of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. For a time all talk of annexation to the United States is suspended." I don't know whether the double-edged humor of that effort will strike my readers as it did me.

Some remarkable things come out in papers and magazines nowadays. Remarkably intense and awfully sad is Ida M. Van Etten's shadow picture of a great city, as shown in the March number of the *Cosmopolitan*. I have heard men say such a sketch is not proper reading for women, and I know that such a sketch would never have been possible if such men had never been born! For the hardness of it is not crime, or misery, or death, but want of sympathy and comprehension. Ever since I read it my heart has been sore, for it is the sort of tragedy which touches women to the quick, and so it should!

Mrs. Charles Henrotin (that bright particular star in Chicago's constellation of World's Fair workers), who comes next under Mrs. Potter Palmer in authority in regard to woman's work and representation there this summer, has an article in the *Cosmopolitan* which our women should read and remember. I dare say lots of other women, like myself, have been honored by a special invitation to take part in the work of the Woman's Conventions, and there is no doubt the woman who travels to Chicago with her eyes and ears open, even though she be obliged to keep her mouth shut, will get the worth of her money. Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Henrotin are only two of the much paragraphed women whom one must get up very early in the morning to understand and appreciate. Parkopolis will be swarming with such this summer (I am going) and there will be some great ideas afloat, and fun! Oh, such fun as there was in '76 when women's rights meant Dr. Mary Walker in pants and such like crudities. I remember her, or him, or whatever one should call it, rushing through the main building of the Exposition, very angry because she was not allowed to make a speech somewhere or other, and I can see this moment the funny shape of her peg top unmentionables and her long-tailed Oxford jacket and tourist hat. She makes speeches in a musing now, the papers say! Yes, there will be fun, and there will be sweet and serious and sensible words and noble thoughts, as might be expected from



No. 22--King Alexander of Serbia (1881).



No. 23--Prince Harold of Denmark.



No. 24--King Alexander of Serbia (1891).

THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF EUROPE.

women who, with what faults they may have, take a front seat wherever brains and courage and enterprise are at a premium.

LADY GAY.

Octogenarian Joe.

The Truthful Story of How he Lived and How his Ghost Lived After Him.

BY MACK.

WHEN Andy Gray in driving to the mill with a grist in the very early morning found Octogenarian Joe dead by the roadside, he was terribly shocked. Andy was in a hurry that morning and had no time to be picking up corpses all along the road between his house and the mill. If it had been anyone else than old Joe he would have driven along unmindful, but as it was, he called at a house forty rods up the road and reported his discovery. That showed how shocked Andy was, for it required something extraordinary to cause him to climb off his wagon. No signs of violence disfigured the body when examined by the neighbors, and as this is a ghost story you must be impressed by my forbearance, for with a few jabs of my pen I could mutilate that corpse in the most revolting manner. But the reading public will have enough to bear without my introducing blood and wounds into this uncanny tale. No signs of foul play were upon his person and no clue to the cause of death was found, unless an old clay pipe clutched in his stiff hand be so regarded. Tobacco is sometimes pronounced a slow poison and this may have killed Joe, for he had used it for nearly three quarters of a century in defiance of three generations of clergymen, non smokers, of halcyon memory. I was once warned against tobacco by a clergyman who was eating rhabarbar pie while he spoke. His widow is a very deserving woman and a first-rate milliner, I am told. By the way, he was lading it up with the blade of his knife, which reminds me to say that whenever you see an educated and refined-looking man eating with his knife you may safely set him down as a clergyman of the revivalistic sort, and expurgate your language accordingly. This is an invaluable guide for young men who frequent public eating houses.

But eating has nothing to do with Octogenarian Joe. He had forgotten more about eating than I have yet learned—in fact, towards the close of his life he had forgotten nearly all he had ever known about it. For years he had subsisted on potatoes and culinary reminiscences. This sounds big but is not very filling. However, as age creeps on the imagery of the mind fades out, until, previous to his death, Joe recognized nothing as eatable save potatoes and apples. These he had given to him in abundance by neighbors and as he earned money by sawing wood at the village people spoke of him as a miser with a fat hoard hidden somewhere about his shanty.

When gossip once pronounces a man a miser it very soon begins to give minute particulars of his case. By unconscious degrees Joe had come to be regarded as a miser; then it had suddenly gone about that he had brought a large sum of money with him when he came, whence none knew, a few years previously. A week later it was asserted that he had suddenly left his former place of abode after years of money making and miserliness, because he was consumed with dread lest burglars, attracted by his wooden box of gold and silver, should rob and murder him. The reader will note the fact that his wealth was in gold and silver and kept in a wooden box. How these details were discovered none knew, but ere another week had elapsed a young farmer told the hotelkeeper that in passing Joe's shanty he saw the old man heaving his big treasure box end over end with great exertion through his doorway. Another young farmer, a month later, heard Joe mutter the mystic words, "Twenty-seven thousand four hundred and eighty." That settled it—such was the amount of his fortune, such were the contents of that box.

In theory a miser is abhorred. In practice he is loathed. Joe, the queer old beggar of a wood-sawyer, was nobody compared with himself when he became Joe the miser. He no longer had any trouble getting wood to saw. He was paid higher prices than before. The village girls looked their sweetest and walked their genteel when meeting the old man with his bucksaw over his arm. They went berry-picking, beech-nutting and flower-gathering in the woods and fields near his shanty. Mary Smith, who, in visiting her aunt, the farmer's wife, made a short cut twice a week past Joe's place (it was only half a mile further and not much damper under foot than around by the road), said it was simply scandalous the way some of the girls were putting themselves in Joe's way in hopes of making friends and falling heir to the old man's money. The two ministers of the village, somewhat anguished, were at the same time struck with the novel idea that peradventure Joe had a soul, and, grieved to think that one so near the grave

should give himself up to the dross of this life, called upon him twice a week. They expounded the scriptures and held out to him the blessed promises, incidentally conversing with him on the home and foreign missions, college endowments, and aged and infirm ministers' funds of their respective denominations. The hotelkeeper, a worldly fellow, always ready to impute bad motives to good men, spoke bitterly of the ministers and said he was going to induce Joe to immortalize his memory in those parts by erecting a public beer fountain on the main square of the village.

But now Joe was dead on the roadside with his pipe in hand, and his rickety bucksaw on his breast.

The body was carried to the shanty and a score of people hastened thither to witness the opening of the wooden box by the constable. It could not be found. A cloth bag hidden in the old bed contained seventeen dollars and some odd cents in small coins, and this sum was used to defray the cost of burial. The flooring of the place was torn up and the earth dug over by the constable in the presence of a magistrate, the two clergymen, and the hotelkeeper, who would not be frowned out. Nothing came of it. Everyone pretended to reach the conclusion that the old man had no money further than the few dollars found in his bed, but no person believed anything of the sort. All had a private notion of coming around alone some day and conducting a quiet search for the box, which Joe, with miser's cunning, had secreted so successfully. The very care with which he had hidden it seemed to make it all the more worth seeking after.

There was only one man in the village who did not loudly protest that Joe was a poor old wretch whose entire savings consisted of seventeen dollars. This one man maintained that the old miser had left a box of money somewhere about his shanty, but this man was a cripple who could not hope to find the money himself, so he had no object in concealing what he really felt. If a man were seen going east from the village at nightfall he would be tracked, observing which he would saunter back again. Everybody ridiculed the idea of digging up the earth around Joe's shanty, but the owner of the property on which it was situated received half a dozen offers from men who desired to buy the land, either as a site for a brickyard or for a pasture field, or one thing or another. He would not sell, however, though he laughed louder than anyone else at the idea of Joe having had a box of money.

The winter came on and the old wood-sawyer was never mentioned, though much thought of. In the long, quiet evenings people sat and planned how they would dig up the earth around the shanty some spring night. Different parties of twos and threes were formed, and it chanced one moonless midnight that two rival parties with picks and shovels encountered each other near the spot and had hard work dodging home by devious ways without disclosing their identity. But the digging was gone on with by one and another at odd times until the summer time, when

strange whispers began to float about.

These took form presently in the emphatic statement that Octogenarian Joe's shanty was haunted.

And such a ghost! It was a thing not seen, but heard. It was the sound of old Joe sawing wood!

At first it was supposed that the spirit carried on its ghostly labors at night only, but sceptical fellows went out there in the middle of an afternoon, and had no sooner opened the door than right before them arose the robust sound of a bucksaw going through a beech log. They hastened away and next day each of them returned with others, and all heard the industrious ghost of old Joe sawing wood with a vigor never shown by him when in the flesh. It was the sound of a rickety bucksaw at work and nothing else on heaven or earth, each man vowed. You could even note the change of sound when the stick was almost sawed in two; then it would stop with a cluckety-chuck and you would listen for the log to fall, but those ghostly logs never fell. If you spoke, away it would go again, almost deafening any who did not take to their heels. The sawing could be heard at a distance of twenty yards from the shanty, by those too timid to come nearer. Not a score of people in the village failed to go out and hear Joe's ghost at work. Even the bravest would walk a mile around rather than go by that spot after dusk.

The explanation of the mystery reveals a fact in natural history. Three men went out there one afternoon determined to lay the ghost. They knew it was not a ghost. They said ghosts were impossible in these practical times, and in order to have something along to remind them that these times are practical, they carried a flask of whiskey and a revolver. Joe's ghost sawed wood when they entered; it sawed with more than usual verve, as though aware that its labors were nearly over. But the men cocked the revolver and uncorked the whiskey, and flinched not. They explored every corner of the shanty and found it empty, yet stick after stick was invisibly sawed in two in their presence. Overhead was a small garret with a floor of hemlock boards, with a manhole in one corner. When they attempted to climb up, the sawing was continued right at their heads, and down they tumbled in dismay. Revolver fired off, whiskey uncorked again and finished, and up they went again, in defiance of the ghost. A moment later the laughter of three men was mingled with the sound of terrific wood sawing. All along the wall, hanging on by their toes and squawking like mad, were hundreds of young swallows. Anyone who has ever heard baby birds of this species will at once recognize the resemblance their cries have to the sound of wood sawing. The swallows had made the shanty a breeding-house.

Such is the story of Octogenarian Joe and his ghost. As for his money, he never had any! A conclusion reached by all after every foot of ground in the neighborhood had been dug up by hand and planted in celery by the man who owned the property. Of course he grew celery there because the soil was suited to it and not

Railroading.



Mr. Fannie-Boye Pann—I—er—perceive Miss de Marke, that you've gone into the railroad business.
Miss Vick-Timon De Marke (amazed)—How? What do you mean, Mr. Pann?
Mr. Fannie-Boye Pann (triumphantly)—I—er—I see you have a little train.

because it gave him a pretext for digging deep and working the earth diligently.

The Afternoon Tea.

For Saturday Night.

You should hear my young friend Mr. Vincent McGee. Succinctly describes you an afternoon tea:
The welcoming smile, which you duly return,
As you stare at the dresses the fashions to learn,
Is scornfully dubbed by this genius as stern,
Giggie.

Your bright conversation—perhaps in this vein—
"Do you think we are likely to have some rain?
Of course you will go to the Wellington's ball
Oh, isn't that woman outrageously tall,
Such a fright of a dress too?" this cynic will call
Gabbie.

The professional caterer's triumph of art
May in your estimation be just a small part,
It's quite an indifferent matter to you,
When you're asked to take tea, if you do not or do,
But you drain a diminutive tea-cup or two,
That's Gabbie.

When after, say ten minutes more you regret
"There are one or two visits you have to make yet
And you are afraid you must really go."
You wouldn't be pleased if your hostess should know
You are leaving because it is dreadfully slow,
That's Gitt.

Giggie, Gabbie, Gobbie, Gitt,
Does the definition fit?
Pretty well, you must admit.

VICTIM.

Old Timers.

THE white whiskers on old Jack Frost this winter have been of the large, flowing, Dundreary type, and the cold winds of the wild north-west have whistled through their circumambient redundancy with an all-permeating, grisly chill. These atmospheric conditions have doubtless given many an old-timer his opportunity.

It mislikes me greatly to hear one of these mendacious old remnants wagging his venerable lie-trap to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, and loading the atmosphere round the bar-room stove with retrospective glances through the shivering vista of the frigid past.

To hear one of these old blizzards talk, you would think that the temperature had been steadily ascending ever since he had first reached this cold world, through a crack in the ice. In fact, some of them have such a convincing manner, such an air of child-like truth that it is absolutely necessary for the average individual to go out and get his nose frozen before he can estimate the old freezer's yarn at its proper worth. Even then, if the victim ventures to moan, the crowd is very likely to jump on him for blasphemy.

There are several reasons why these relics of a frozen past should set the standard of their own youth at so many degrees below the temperature of to-day. Thermometers in those days were scarce and unreliable and the state of the weather was generally gauged by the length and number of icicles adorning the parson's whiskers when he came to call, and although he was generally the most righteous man in the settlement, still even a parson is likely to have his judgment biased more or less by the temperature of the end of his nose, so that mistakes of forty or fifty degrees were not uncommon.

Again, dwellings were by no means so comfortable when heated by the old-fashioned wood stoves, which burnt out shortly after sundown, at which rather primitive hour our respected forefathers generally sought their couches, and consequently the water froze in the jugs, etc. But anyone knows it would freeze just the same at the present day if you gave it the same chance.

But the principal reason is that in their youth these old gaffers were up and doing outside where the cold could get a chance at their marrow, whereas now I notice that they hug the chimney corner and the whiskey bottle pretty closely all the time, and naturally when a man feels warm and comfortable he can't understand people grumbling at the cold.

However, the man who throws away his over-shoes and discards his muffler on the strength of the thaw worked out by the superheated imaginations of these isothermal old oracles is a got-blamed idiot, and I may add that he's a blooming scarce article this current winter.

G. J. A.

Only One Mistake.

"Are you the editor of the *Blizzard*?"

The caller was a stranger with his hat on the back of his head and a broad smile on his face.

"I am, sir," answered the man at the desk.

"Then it was you, I presume—ha! ha!—who wrote that notice of my daughter's wedding—ha! ha!—that was in the paper this morning?"

"Yes, sir," said the editor cordially, but with some misgivings. "It was all right, wasn't it?"

"O, yes! It was a good job. An excellent job! Ha! ha! It was all right—you don't mind shaking hands with me?"

"Certainly not!"

"It was all right," said the smiling stranger, jerking him out of his chair in the excess of his handshaking zeal. "It was all right," he added, slamming him against the wall. "There wasn't anything wrong with it at all," continued the affable caller, grabbing the editor by the collar, pushing him backward over his chair, catching him by the heels, hauling him round the room, upsetting the furniture with him and finishing by jamming him in the waste basket.

"There was nothing the matter with it, sir, except that my daughter wasn't married at all, sir! Good morning,"—*Chicago Tribune*.

After a Hard Campaign in Washington.
The Lieutenant—And are you sure, my brave darling, that you understand what it is to be a soldier's wife—the dreary existence in lonely frontier barracks, the Indian massacres, the exposure to hardship and scenes of horror which you will be called upon to face by your husband's side?

His Just-affianced—Oh, yes, Tom; and I am prepared to endure anything except to see you dance another cotillion with that DeGrasse widow.

Pretty Soon.

The summer girls who are in sack-cloth and ashes this Lenten season will blossom forth in sack-coats and ashes with the return of tennis weather.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a sixteen-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:
 One Year.....\$5 00
 Six Months.....3 00
 Three Months.....1 00
 Delivered in Toronto, 50c per annum extra.
 Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. VI TORONTO, MAR. 18, 1893. [No. 17]

The Drama.

ROSINA VOKES' visit last week was one of the most enjoyable that this charming actress has paid Toronto for a long time. The result was achieved through a combination of circumstances; new pieces were staged, the company was a good one right through, and the Grand at each performance was filled with people who appreciated the vim and fizz of Miss Vokes. Under such circumstances what could go amiss? Although the honest varnished face of an orchestra chair is as intelligent and responsive as some human countenances seen now and then, yet on the average an actress can do better work when the chairs are hidden behind people who have paid their way in.

Sunset, by Jerome K. Jerome, is a strong, one-act piece, and Ffollet Paget and Blanche Burton, as the sisters, brought out all there was in it. Miss Paget is a lady of talent, and many people were surprised that she should only appear in one short play out of the four put on here. An altogether different bill was presented at Montreal and other places, and no doubt Miss Paget has heavy parts to handle. I should like to see the vivacious Rosina and the talented Paget in a good play affording scope for their entirely different powers. One thing spoken of Miss Vokes to her everlasting credit is this, that she is superior to the small jealousy which causes so many stars to surround themselves with dubs and female dunces. The fact that Paget is in the company proves her title to praise in this respect.

Felix Morris would never have won his present reputation by such a performance as he gave in My Lord in Livery. Gleams of his talent came out here and there, but he made his cowardice and terror so extravagant that the same work would have been roundly condemned if performed by any less person than Felix Morris. Yet Morris is wonderfully clever, and if he goes on the road next year at the head of a company he is sure to make for himself a name and a place. However, I repeat that his work in My Lord in Livery is not to be compared with his treatment of a similar part in A Double Lesson last season.

Grossmith's delightful entertainment drew good houses at the Grand for the first two nights of the week, but not such large houses as greeted him when here a month ago. It was not to be expected. The latter part of the week was devoted to Mr. Hodgson, a local hypnotist, under the management of Mr. J. C. Connor.

The sparkling comedy Jane will visit the Grand next week. It is one of the most vivacious of productions and is making money for Charles Frohman. It was here once before and those who saw it then will turn out in force to see it again.

The Span of Life will be on at the Academy next week. I gave a synopsis of its plot in our last issue and have nothing further to add.

L. R. Shewell's affecting comedy drama, Shadows of a Great City, will be produced at Jacobs and Sparrow's Opera House next week, with all its massive and startling scenery. It is not built upon scenes in a life of which the American public know nothing. It is not only pervaded with a real human sympathy, but as a matter of fact brings the theater-goer into contact with a dramatic and realistic representation of places and localities with which he is familiar. It vividly illustrates all phases of life in New York city, and depicts their worst and best forms in the vices and virtues of its naturally and effectively drawn characters. The company is under the management of Charles B. and Thomas Jefferson (sons of the renowned Joseph Jefferson) and L. R. Shewell.

The Theatrical Mechanical Association's entertainment in Jacobs & Sparrow's opera house on Friday afternoon of last week was a pronounced success. Besides the performances given by the companies from the different theaters, some of the best amateur talent in the city lent a hand. W. E. Ramsay was funny, the Toronto Male Quartette sang well, as did Miss Lilli Kleiser and Miss Minnie Gaylord.

Skipped by the Light of the Moon, which is being played at the Toronto this week, is one of the best things that have been seen at that house this season, and I regret that I only saw part of the performance. I say part, because, although I was there the whole time, my view of the stage was spoiled by a young lady in front of me who wore a HAT. It was as broad and as high as the pyramid of Cheops; it was black, lustrous and unfashionable. I am aware that readers may say that my violent attack is inspired by the spite I feel at having missed the play. They are welcome to that opinion, for it does not alter the fact that the HAT was there. What I did see was by crouching down in my seat and peering under the eave of the brim that stretched out like an immense veranda, and had it not been for the enjoyable character of the performance I am afraid that my duty to this paper would not have been sufficiently powerful to enable me to stand the annoyance. The

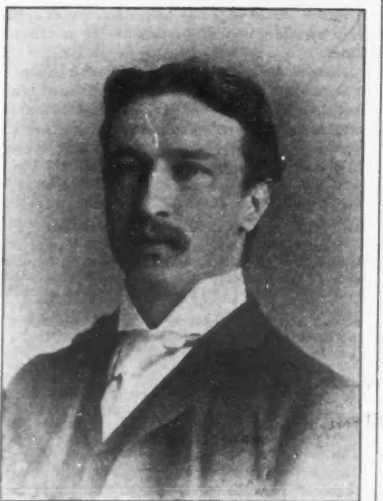
funny acting of G. A. Booker and Budd Ross, however, was well worth a sacrifice, for they are two clever comedians. Indeed, the whole company is a good one and very evenly balanced. The songs and dances were first-rate, the humor was clean and fresh and the actors richly deserved the applause they gained. C. J. Hagan and Dodie Tracey did some of the best side acting that has been seen in Jacobs & Sparrow's theater.

I am going to revert to the subject of hats and state that I think Manager Morris would confer a boon upon theater-goers if he would issue a ukase ordering the removal of their headwear by ladies as well as gentlemen. It is the law in many European theaters and also in some in the States. There are several advantages to be gained. Firstly, everybody can see; secondly, it is infinitely more comfortable; thirdly, it gives the audience a far more refined and artistic appearance than it has under the present conditions. Many people go to the theater with the same intentions as they go to church, to advertise the eccentricities of their tailors and milliners and to criticize the garb of their neighbors. They are making a great mistake to thus waste their money, as the attention of the audience is concentrated on the stage and not on one another.

Moore's Musee has some good features in the programme this week. In the lecture hall a foreign professor gives some pretty experiments in electricity to the accompaniment of music played by an ambidextrous individual who is an orchestra in himself. The great attraction, however, is Punch and Judy of perennial juvenescence, the same old Punch who amused us in early youth, when we laughed so heartily at the threadbare jokes and whose powers lose none of their effect as age creeps over us. To my mind Punch is the most wonderful being in the theatrical profession. He was venerable when Thespis and his troupe tramped through Greece because they were unable to pay railway fare. He has performed before all the kings and queens who ever yet lived. His journey down through the ages has had a modifying influence, for he is but human, as proved by certain contradictions in his attire and accoutrements. He still carries, and uses with effect, the same old club which he carried in the day of prehistoric man, while he wears the cap which covered his head when attached to the suite of King Lear. And yet he is a standing reproach to every community, for while people trouble their heads about such trifles as the age of the world, the antiquity of Egyptian civilization, the existence or non-existence of Atlantis, the name of the man who discovered Punch is buried in oblivion. I say discovered with reason, for Punch is not an invention, he is an evolution. Downstairs in the theater there are songs, dances and acrobatic performances, all of which possess a certain amount of merit. D. G.

Banquet to Mr. Thomas Tait.

Mr. Thomas Tait, who has recently been promoted from the superintendency of the Ontario and Quebec Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Toronto to the Assistant General Manager of the same road, with offices at Montreal, left the city so quietly and speedily that his friends had not time to give him a send-off. This, however, was repaired on Monday evening when a banquet in his honor was given at the Board of Trade



MR. THOMAS TAIT.

restaurant. It was a most enthusiastic affair, and all the local departments of the C.P.R. were represented by officers who in their speeches evinced the esteem in which Mr. Tait is held.

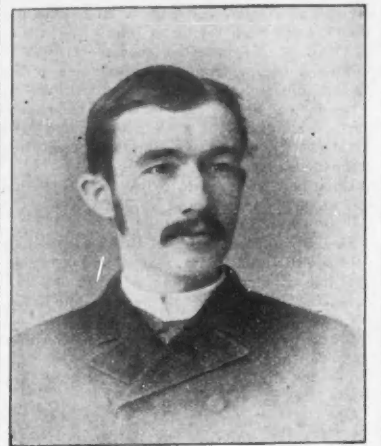
Mr. G. M. Bosworth presided and the others who sat at the table were: Messrs. J. N. Sutherland, W. B. Langdon, W. K. Thompson, J. H. Barber, A. Price, A. L. Hertzberg, A. P. Walker, James Wilson, Hon. R. M. Wells, A. MacMurchy, T. M. Jubb, J. W. Leonard, W. S. Stout, J. A. Boswell, George Preston, J. W. Webster, John Wanless, T. Williams, E. G. Henderson, R. R. Jamieson, A. K. Kirkpatrick, F. P. Brady, S. F. Belknap, George S. MacKinnon, James Kerr, Robert Miller, George Spencer, D. R. Bell, G. R. VanNorman, C. Sheehy, H. Pringle, W. J. Grant, V. A. Grant, W. R. Callaway.

The chairman in proposing the toast of Our Guest referred to the many sterling qualities of Mr. Tait as a man and as a railroad official, and Mr. Tait replied neatly.

Mr. J. W. Leonard, who is Mr. Tait's successor as superintendent of the Ontario and Quebec division, was also present and was one of the speakers of the evening. The banquet was an all-round success, both in the way of a fitting farewell to Mr. Tait and of a welcome to Mr. Leonard.

Mr. Tait was, together with his charming wife, so popular socially in Toronto that his departure deserves more than passing mention. He is a young railroad worker whose genius is as phenomenal as his success. Mr. Tait is still under thirty, yet he stands second under President Van Horne in the management of one of the greatest railroads in the world. During his stay in Toronto he became known and admired among business men

for the foresight and vigor of his methods, and those who came in contact with him no longer were surprised at the rapidity of his rise under the shrewd Mr. Van Horne. Mr. Tait's railroad career has simply been a series of rapid promotions. Nothing can show this so well as the following extract in the compressed language of the Biographical Directory of Railway Officials of America: Born July 24, 1864, Melbourne, P.Q.; educated at High School, Montreal; matriculated at McGill College,



MR. J. W. LEONARD.

Montreal, July, 1881. Entered railway service September, 1880; to July, 1881, clerk audit office Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal; July to October, 1881, clerk in office of assistant to president Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway; October, 1881, to April, 1882, clerk solicitor's office Grand Trunk Railway, Belleville, Ont.; April to October, 1882, clerk general manager's office same road; October, 1882, to September, 1885, private secretary to vice-president and general manager Canadian Pacific Railway; September, 1885, to May 23, 1887, clerk general traffic manager's office; May 23, 1887, to February 1, 1889, assistant superintendent Canadian Pacific Railway at Moose Jaw; February 1, 1889, to March 12, 1890, superintendent Ontario division, Toronto; March 12, 1890, to March 1, 1893, general superintendent Ontario & Quebec division, Toronto; March 1, 1893, assistant general manager all lines Canadian Pacific Railway. Son of Mr. Justice Tait, Montreal. Married December 10, 1890, to Miss Cockburn, daughter of Mr. George R. R. Cockburn, M. P., Toronto.

From the Railway Directory we also quote a brief business biography of Mr. J. W. Leonard, the new superintendent of the Ontario and Quebec Division. It may be remarked that Mr. Leonard has a faculty for making fast friends, as well as a born talent for railroad, and in every place where he has been stationed people will hear with pleasure of his advancement. Mr. Leonard was born in 1868. Commenced railroad as telegraph operator at Peterboro', 1874, on the Midland Railway, now a part of the G. T. R.; went to Lindsay as agent for the Victoria Railway in 1878; appointed assistant manager in 1879; came to Credit Valley Railway as general passenger agent in 1880; on the amalgamation of the C. V. Railway and the T. G. & B., the C. P. R. taking control, was appointed assistant superintendent, serving in that capacity in Toronto and British Columbia; in 1890 was appointed superintendent of Atlantic Division, now known as lines east of Montreal; and has now been appointed general superintendent of the Ontario and Quebec Division.

Irving's Elastic Corporation.

FEW and far between are those members of the dramatic profession who have achieved glory upon the stage without attaining at the same time unthought and oftentimes unenviable notoriety in the columns of the press.

When it leaks out, however, as it sometimes does, that the spicy little anecdote in which some well known actor or actress figures conspicuously, has emanated entirely from the fertile imagination of the manager, one loses considerable faith in the authenticity of such reports.

Frequently it happens that no reader of such an interesting item is more surprised than the hero or heroine of the romance, and if new to the business they watch its constant repetition in the dramatic columns of the press with mingled sensations of awe and bewilderment, until at last they almost persuade themselves that it must be true.

This preamble is necessary because of the exalted position which the hero of the following incident occupies, and the fact that the only guarantee of its veracity which I can offer is the word of an erstwhile member of the exalted one's company.

Those who have seen Henry Irving in any of his better known roles will hardly believe that he once undertook the character of Falstaff, but such (on the authority of my informant) is the case.

Henry is by no means naturally adapted, either from a physical or vocal standpoint, for such an impersonation, but it was in his younger days when his genius was unrecognized, and he was practically unknown.

It was Falstaff and bread and butter, or hunger, the result being that bread and butter won the day.

After having played the part several nights with the orthodox Falstaffian corporation, which (owing to that absence of solidity which was a still more striking characteristic of the great actor in those hungry days than it is now) required so voluminous a padding that his histrionic efforts were considerably hampered thereby, he decided to adopt some less weighty substitute, and to this end, manufactured a large air-tight india-rubber bag which fitted underneath the well known buff jerkin, and was inflated—like the toy balloons—through a tube.

The adoption of this expedient proved very welcome; it combined lightness with bulk and was such a relief after the discarded featherbed that his acting improved at once and he might have been playing the part still but for

an unfortunate occurrence which took place at Birmingham, I think my informant said. The role of Prince Henry was in the hands of a confirmed practical joker, who being told of the rubber bag took the opportunity afforded by a bit of business which consisted of a poke in the ribs administered by him to Falstaff, of puncturing the gutta percha corporation with a small penknife which he had concealed in his hand, and at whose insidious prick the wealth of stomach vanished like ice cream at a Sunday school festival, while the joker added insult to injury by quoting that line of Hall's poem, The Passage of the Israelites, which reads:

"Behold the vasty 'walet' hath disappeared."
 As I said before, I do not guarantee the absolute truth of this story. UNCLE ARTIE.

An Alarm Clock at College.

THE idea of the alarm clock is very funny. It originated in the desire to get up early. Its main use is to enable you to calculate how much longer you can sleep. It is better for this purpose than a person. If you get a person to call you in the morning you are entirely at his mercy, and he bullies you until you do get up. It is queer that no matter how careless a person may be in other things, he will take any amount of trouble to wake anyone else up in the morning. But in the case of an alarm clock it is different. It simply warns you, and if you don't get up it doesn't matter to the clock. It doesn't pull the clothes off you or pour water on you. And if you don't care about getting up you can pretend you don't hear it. I remember hearing of a student who used to get the servant to call him in the morning at five, so that he could have the pleasure of going to sleep again. This is where an alarm clock would come in handy.

We had one of them at college, Rob and I. It was a very conscientious article at first, always calling us punctually. It used to fairly startle us before we got used to it. But after the third morning we used often to pretend we didn't hear it, and then when we had missed breakfast and chapel we used to blame the clock and say it hadn't gone off. But generally we used to smother it by putting pillows over it. Rob got so at last that he could wake out of a sound sleep and put two pillows on it before the sixth tick. On Sundays we used to sit in bed and smoke, and we had no early chapel. When the clock went off we just laughed at it. This was a positive luxury, being able to laugh at the clock. We used to look forward to this treat all the week. It had two or three bad falls from the bureau in the course of the term, and from being a nice-tempered, conscientious clock it became the most obstinate, self-willed brute of a thing you could possibly imagine. It went off when it liked, and when it did Rob had to get up and pacify it, as it would go for ten minutes running. I got out of this by saying I did not understand how it worked.

It gradually grew worse and took to jumping off the bureau of its own accord and galloping around the room, making at the same time a fiendish noise. The first time this happened you could hear chairs being knocked about, thumps on the wall and floor, and other strange noises, as the clock gave us to understand that it was running the room and wished us to understand it. We each fancied that the other had gone mad, and each kept quite still waiting with beating hearts for further developments. Then each tried to reach for matches from the bureau without getting out of bed, but as the bureau was some five feet away, this was a matter of some difficulty. Then we began to dress in bed. But by this time the clock had danced under the bureau and become quiet. So we went to sleep. In the morning we found that it had been the clock which had made all the row. Rob voted to sell it and we tried to, but were unsuccessful, as everyone scouted the idea of purchasing it. Then we tried to give it away, but the fellows laughed at us. Finally we had to give the gyp fifty cents to take it as a present for his ceaseless and unrelenting attention to us for the last two terms. C. A. S. B.

A Shady Interview.

"I've come for your ideas on some phases of the woman question," he said, leaning over the side of Charon's boat, to Sappho on the bank of the river Styx. She looked at him with large-eyed calm and waved her hand. "Shall woman vote?" "Let it be decided by a vote of the women themselves." "Is woman valuer than man?" "I have never collected statistics on the subject." Sappho's tones were clear and far-reaching. The listening shades jostled each other on the river bank. The reporter skidded the next, which was, Will the coming woman be bald? "Has woman the creative faculty?" "How about Eve?" piped an interested spectator. "What's her own opinion on the subject?" smiled Sappho, conscious of worth and wondering why some of her critics didn't speak. "Just one more," entreated the reporter as Charon put out his oars. "Shall we wear crinolines?" "What's that in your boat?" roared Socrates, rising red-faced, his ruling passion strong in death. "A reporter," answered Charon, and dipped his oars.

"Not a man after all," the gentleman shades sat down with a gasp of relief. But far and faint across the gloomy water rang Sappho's clarion tones: "Ask him, Charon, where he wants to wear it?" PENNY.

A Light That Failed.

Mrs. Nothing—Mary, what is that trouble between you and your husband? Mrs. It—He's a brute! You know that lovely piano lamp I wanted for so long and gave him on Christmas! Well, he said it was lovely and just what he wanted; and then the horrid wretch took it down to his office next day!

Why Hank Jones Objected to Preachers.*

So you're comin' to live amongst us, to foller our work and ways, Well, I want no blamed young tenderfoot a-teachin' me prayer and praise. If I want to climb to heaven and knock at the golden gate, I guess I can do the climbin' withouten your helpin', mate.

The misus is shoutin' for ever and sayin' the selfsame thing, "You've never bin to church, Hank, sence yer give me my weddin' ring, And the saints and devils is rastlin' with many a prayer and cry For the lastin' care of yer sinful soul." Well, let 'em rattle, says I.

She says as I'm gettin' an infidel 'cos I get on a bit of a tear, Which every man as is a man is doin' the same, I'll be swart; Are yer goin' to gibe at a man for that and hold him up to scorn, 'Cos he lets his angry feelin's bust and takes an honest horn?

What's that yer say 'bout the "glory of the circumambient air," That I shouldn't dabble with cummin' what's made so bright and fair? And yer'd like to live for ever on such enchanted ground? Well, wait till the shitters is buzzin' and the blackies waltzin' round.

Wait till the crops is growin' and the cattle is raisin' Cain, And yer chasin' 'em out in yer shift at night in a pettin' storm o' rain; And yer stabs yer toes in the faller at every possible chance, Why, the bull ten plagues of Egypt, they wasn't a circum-

stance. Wait till the frogs is croakin' and coughin' to heat the land! Wait till the cows is roamin' all over the blessed land! Wait till yer drivin' oxen and the critture is fightin' shy!

You won't be quotin' texts—you'll be comin' as mad as I. Why don't I like the preachers? Well, I've seen but a precious few; And the most on 'em hustled for Number One and kicked up a how-de-do, Tartin' the wench's heads and hearin' wif thinkin' of marryin' agin' now.

When they'd densed side better be feedin' the hens or tendin' the sheep and cows. "Parsons are not like that, my friend. Your views are quite astray. They strive to do their duty in their own imperfect way. Your fault is, who set them up as passive stooks and stones. To find, alas! that like yourself, they're mortal flesh and bones."

Yer happy right! I've found 'em out—a dandy from Dandytown, Come hooch! it here thro' the woods last year, a-seedin' the Gospel down. "Convertin' the Sons of Belial"—Yes, them was the words he said. And though he called me a "child of sin," I gave him board and bed.

I was up in the mornin' early, but blamed if ever a sight Could I get of the hostile preacher chap I'd boarded over night. His coat and pants was hangin' up at the back of the kitchen door, And y'd think the pigs of the township had bin rootin' up the floor.

There was dresses here and fallin' there, and the drawers was opened wide, Danged if ever I thought we had sech a heap o' things inside. But he'd stole my city coat and pants and he'd got right clear away, For he hadn't forgot in his haste ter leave to borrow my home and sleigh.

I was ragin' mad but I had ter laugh till I almost took the leave. Dyer see the family Bible yon? Well, right amongst the leaves, There was eighty or ninety dollars a-lyin' cosy and flat, And yer bet the pious varmint never dreamt of openin' that!

I got my home and sleigh again, but if ever I meet that ous, There's goin' to be a massacre or some at a derved site was; There may be some as is honest, and some like you, that's green, But, like teeth in a Shanghai rooster, they're few and far between. F. M. DRILL FOSSEN.

* A sequel to the above showing how Hank Jones returned to the fold will appear in a future issue.—Ed.

The Greek Pirate.

For Saturday Night.

Now, bold men all, who round my table sit, I promised you a story That would in no way bore ye, Of the days before an honest life I quit. I loved a Senorita— Fatima Alpha Beta;

A pretty Grecian maid she was, With deep blue eyes, As cloudless skies, A girl that all might love with cause. Two years or more we loved in perfect peace. At length when long we'd tarried, Eventually we married And took a little cottage on the coast. Her father was a farmer, While now I dooned the armor

In the service of belov'd Greece, And with long-drawn sighs And tears within my eyes, I left my love to stem the Turkish host. A four years' war, and nearly at an end, When I asked permission To sell out my commission, And homeward my weary steps to wend— There came a long lost letter That made me wish the better

That I were loosed and free. A little girl, A perfect pearl, With her mother, longed and waited by the sea. When home at length I came, when was at an end, I felt so gay and merry, With a heart as light and airy As the sails to an honest man can send. I neared the amiable cottage With scarcely once a stoppage, When—horror! What there did I see!

Beneath the mum A heap of ruin, The ashes of our cottage by the sea. Yee! brave men all, the Turks had passed by there, The houses all were riven, Then to the flames were given— Carramba! 'twas more than I could bear. I thought of wife and daughter, My eyes turned toward the water. Ah, yes, a pirate I would be!

And that is why That you and I Are the terror of the Aegean Sea. ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODER.

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Between You and Me.

LOVE spring, especially after a nice, clean, crisp winter such as we have been blessed with this year, but even spring has its drawbacks! One of 'em is baby carriages! A baby carriage on a back street is an accepted fact, two baby carriages are a nuisance, three are a distinct tribulation. What do you then call them on the busy, crowded thoroughfares, where the wretched wheels of them are only occupied in catching up the dirt off the foot paths and plastering it over your best mantle or gown, where the mothers, God bless 'em, want to wheel the carriage and look in the shop windows at the same moment, where the babies hang over the side, or lie back and strangle or sit up and squall? Verily the unabridged dictionary hasn't a word that comes within miles of describing them. There are as many different sorts of carriages as there are erratic ways of wheeling them. Here comes one that belongs to the first-born hope of his fond Pa and Ma! It is an enameled rattan, with velvet cushions and a rug of white plush, with "Baby" on it in blue floss embroidery, and the little mamma who owns it thinks she owns the sidewalk and the trolley car tracks and the roadway as well! She just pushes ahead, and if she smudges the bishop's coat tails, or runs over the policeman's feet, or ruins the elegant gray bengaline of the *grande dame's* spring frock, or calls the motor man's heart to his mouth, or stops a funeral cortege, she never hurries nor halts. It never seems to occur to her that earth holds creatures or things with rights. Her new perambulator, her new baby, and her infatuated and beatified self are world enough, as she takes her walks abroad in these first sunny spring mornings.

There is one baby carriage that I always forgive, though it smudge me, and step on my corns, and wound my shins. There is always a round-faced baby in it, with a woolen hood, and there are parcels tucked under the old plaid shawl that acts as a lap rug to the baby, which hump up in surprising shapes and corners and suggest abnormal growths all over the round-faced little center-piece. The mother is worn, and tired, and anxious, and she jerks the carriage from side to side, trying her best to avoid the stream of people who throng the cheap stores where she must do her shopping. She has been, I verily believe, trying to avoid crowds all her life, she is so quick and so dexterous. I have seen her in front of Eaton's and on the crossing at King and Yonge streets, and in various other tight corners, I have nearly run over her with my wheel, (she is the only woman who ever paused for me, when to go on would have made me either turn round, dismount, or run over her). I don't suppose she will be on hand this year, unless the round-faced baby's nose is "out of joint," but if she is, I shall not regard her as any drawback to spring.

Talking of this woman makes me remark how one gets accustomed to seeing certain people, at certain times, and misses them when they vanish into the unknown. There are various folks about town, at the restaurant, in the cars, on the streets, whose faces I know and whose frocks or suits I could describe to a hair, and whom I am in daily terror I shall bow to, from sheer familiarity with their personal appearance. Sometimes a chance encounter, a slip on the ice, a door held open, so netimes the power of constant propinquity has made us forget the dumbness we have so valiantly maintained and we have struck up quite a chatty camaraderie.

I had a refreshing sensation of surprise in reading a six-line paragraph in the *Illustrated American* last week. This paper is "one of the finest," and except when it gets off such news as is in the paragraph I am talking of, is full of interesting and charming reading. Says the *Illustrated American*, "Canada is in a fever of delight over the approaching visit of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. For a time all talk of annexation to the United States is suspended." I don't know whether the double-edged humor of that effort will strike my readers as it did me.

Some remarkable things come out in papers and magazines nowadays. Remarkably intense and awfully sad is Ida M. Van Ritten's shadow picture of a great city, as shown in the March number of the *Cosmopolitan*. I have heard men say such a sketch is not proper reading for women, and I know that such a sketch would never have been possible if such men had not been born! For the hardness of it is not crime, or misery, or death, but want of sympathy and comprehension. Ever since I read it my heart has been sore, for it is the sort of tragedy which touches women to the quick, and so it should!

Mrs. Charles Henriotin (that bright particular star in Chicago's constellation of World's Fair workers), who comes next under Mrs. Potter Palmer in authority in regard to woman's work and representation there this summer, has an article in the *Cosmopolitan* which our women should read and remember. I dare say lots of other women, like myself, have been honored by a special invitation to take part in the work of the Woman's Conventions, and there is no doubt the woman who travels to Chicago with her eyes and ears open, even though she be obliged to keep her mouth shut, will get the worth of her money. Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Henriotin are only two of the much paragraphed women whom one must get up very early in the morning to understand and appreciate. Porcupolis will be swarming with such this summer (I am going) and there will be some great ideas aired, and fun! Oh, such fun as there was in '76 when women's rights masant Dr. Mary Walker in pants and such like crudities. I remember her, or him, or whatever one should call it, rushing through the main building of the Exposition, very angry because she was not allowed to make a speech somewhere or other, and I can see this moment the funny shape of her peg top unmentionables and her long-tailed Oxford jacket and tourist hat. She makes speeches in a mumble now, the papers say! Yes, there will be fun, and there will be sweet and serious and sensible words and noble thoughts, as might be expected from



No. 22—King Alexander of Serbia (1881).



No. 23—Prince Harold of Denmark.



No. 24—King Alexander of Serbia (1891).

THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF EUROPE.

women who, with what faults they may have, take a front seat wherever brains and courage and enterprise are at a premium.

LADY GAY.

Octogenarian Joe.

The Truthful Story of How he Lived and How his Ghost Lived After Him.

BY MACK.

WHEN Andy Gray in driving to the mill with a grist in the very early morning found Octogenarian Joe dead by the roadside, he was terribly shocked. Andy was in a hurry that morning and had no time to be picking up corpses all along the road between his house and the mill. If it had been anyone else than old Joe he would have driven along unmindful, but as it was, he called at a house forty rods up the road and reported his discovery. That showed how shocked Andy was, for it required something extraordinary to cause him to climb off his wagon. No signs of violence disfigured the body when examined by the neighbors, and as this is a short story you must be impressed by my forbearance, for with a few jabs of my pen I could mutilate that corpse in the most revolting manner. But the reading public will have enough to bear without my introducing blood and wounds into this uncanny tale. No signs of foul play were upon his person and no clue to the cause of death was found, unless an old clay pipe clutched in his stiff hand be so regarded. Tobacco is sometimes pronounced a slow poison and this may have killed Joe, for he had used it for nearly three quarters of a century in defiance of three generations of clergymen, non smokers, of hallowed memory. I was once warned against tobacco by a clergyman who was eating rhubarb pie while he spoke. His widow is a very deserving woman and a first-rate milliner, I am told. By the way, he was lading it up with the blade of his knife, which reminds me to say that whenever you see an educated and refined-looking man eating with his knife you may safely set him down as a clergyman of the revivalistic sort, and expurgate your language accordingly. This is an invaluable guide for young men who frequent public eating houses.

But eating has nothing to do with Octogenarian Joe. He had forgotten more about eating than I have yet learned—in fact, towards the close of his life he had forgotten nearly all he had ever known about it. For years he had subsisted on potatoes and culinary reminiscences. This sounds big but is not very filling. However, as age creeps on the imagery of the mind fades out, until, previous to his death, Joe recognized nothing as eatable save potatoes and apples. These he had given to him in abundance by neighbors and as he earned money by sawing wood at the village people spoke of him as a miser with a fat hoard hidden somewhere about his shanty.

When gossip once pronounces a man a miser it very soon begins to give minute particulars of his case. By unconscious degrees Joe had come to be regarded as a miser; then it had suddenly gone about that he had brought a large sum of money with him when he came, whence none knew, a few years previously. A week later it was asserted that he had suddenly left his former place of abode after years of money making and miserliness, because he was consumed with dread lest burglars, attracted by his wooden box of gold and silver, should rob and murder him. The reader will note the fact that his wealth was in gold and silver and kept in a wooden box. How these details were discovered none knew, but ere another week had elapsed a young farmer told the hotelkeeper that in passing Joe's shanty he saw the old man heaving his big treasure box end over end with great exertion through his doorway. Another young farmer, a month later, heard Joe mutter the mystic words, "Twenty-seven thousand four hundred and eighty." That settled it—such was the amount of his fortune, such were the contents of that box.

In theory a miser is abhorred. In practice he is tolerated. Joe, the queer old beggar of a wood-sawyer, was nobody compared with himself when he became Joe the miser. He no longer had any trouble getting wood to saw. The village girls looked their sweetest and walked their genteel when meeting the old man with his bucksaw over his arm. They went berry-picking, beech-nutting and flower-gathering in the woods and fields near his shanty. Mary Smith, who, in visiting her aunt, the farmer's wife, made a short cut twice a week past Joe's place (it was only half a mile further and not much damper under foot than around by the road), said it was simply scandalous the way some of the girls were putting themselves in Joe's way in hopes of making friends and falling heir to the old man's money. The two ministers of the village, somewhat singularly, were at the same time struck with the novel idea that peradventure Joe had a soul, and, grieved to think that one so near the grave

should give himself up to the dross of this life, called upon him twice a week. They expounded the scriptures and held out to him the blessed promises, incidentally conversing with him on the home and foreign missions, college endowments, and aged and infirm ministers' funds of their respective denominations. The hotel-keeper, a worldly fellow, always ready to impute bad motives to good men, spoke bitterly of the ministers and said he was going to induce Joe to immortalize his memory in those parts by erecting a public beer fountain on the main square of the village.

But now Joe was dead on the roadside with his pipe in hand, and his rickety bucksaw on his breast. The body was carried to the shanty and a score of people hastened thither to witness the opening of the wooden box by the constable. It could not be found. A cloth bag hidden in the old bed contained seventeen dollars and some odd cents in small coins, and this sum was used to defray the cost of burial. The flooring of the place was torn up and the earth dug over by the constable in the presence of a magistrate, the two clergymen, and the hotel-keeper, who would not be frowned out. Nothing came of it. Everyone pretended to reach the conclusion that the old man had no money further than the few dollars found in his bed, but no person believed anything of the sort. All had a private notion of coming around alone some day and conducting a quiet search for the box, which Joe, with miser's cunning, had secreted so successfully. The very care with which he had hidden it seemed to make it all the more worth seeking after.

There was only one man in the village who did not loudly protest that Joe was a poor old wretch whose entire savings consisted of seventeen dollars. This one man maintained that the old miser had left a box of money somewhere about his shanty, but this man was a cripple who could not hope to find the money himself, so he had no object in concealing what he really felt. If a man were seen going east from the village at nightfall he would be tracked, observing which he would saunter back again. Everybody ridiculed the idea of digging up the earth around Joe's shanty, but the owner of the property on which it was situated received half a dozen offers from men who desired to buy the land, either as a site for a brickyard or for a pasture field, or one thing or another. He would not sell, however, though he laughed louder than anyone else at the idea of Joe having had a box of money.

The winter came on and the old wood-sawyer was never mentioned, though much thought of. In the long, quiet evenings people sat and planned how they would dig up the earth around the shanty some spring night. Different parties of twos and threes were formed, and it chanced one moonless midnight that two rival parties with picks and shovels encountered each other near the spot and had hard work dodging home by devious ways without disclosing their identity. But the digging was gone on with by one and another at odd times until the summer time, when

strange whispers began to float about.

These took form presently in the emphatic statement that Octogenarian Joe's shanty was haunted.

And such a ghost! It was a thing not seen, but heard. It was the sound of old Joe sawing wood! At first it was supposed that the spirit carried on its ghostly labors at night only, but sceptical fellows went out there in the middle of an afternoon, and had no sooner opened the door than right before them arose the robust sound of a bucksaw going through a beech log. They hastened away and next day each of them returned with others, and all heard the industrious ghost of old Joe sawing wood with a vigor never shown by him when in the flesh. It was the sound of a rickety bucksaw at work and nothing else on heaven or earth, each man vowed. You could even note the change of sound when the stick was almost sawed in two; then it would stop with a cluckety-chuck and you would listen for the log to fall, but those ghostly logs never fell. If you spoke, away it would go again, almost deafening any who did not take to their heels. The sawing could be heard at a distance of twenty yards from the shanty, by those too timid to come nearer. Not a score of people in the village failed to go out and hear Joe's ghost at work. Even the bravest would walk a mile around rather than go by that spot after dusk.

The explanation of the mystery reveals a fact in natural history. Three men went out there one afternoon determined to lay the ghost. They knew it was not a ghost. They said ghosts were impossible in these practical times, and in order to have something along to remind them that these times are practical, they carried a flask of whiskey and a revolver. Joe's ghost sawed wood when they entered; it sawed with more than usual verve, as though aware that its labors were nearly over. But the men cocked the revolver and uncorked the whiskey, and flinched not. They explored every corner of the shanty and found it empty, yet stick after stick was invisibly sawed in two in their presence. Overhead was a small garret with a floor of hemlock boards, with a manhole in one corner. When they attempted to climb up, the sawing was continued right at their heads, and down they tumbled in dismay. Revolver fired off, whiskey uncorked again and finished, and up they went again, in defiance of the ghost. A moment later the laughter of three men was mingled with the sound of terrific wood sawing. All along the wall, hanging on by their toes and squawking like mad, were hundreds of young swallows. Anyone who has ever heard baby birds of this species will at once recognize the resemblance their cries have to the sound of wood sawing. The swallows had made the shanty a breeding-house.

Such is the story of Octogenarian Joe and his ghost. As for his money, he never had any; a conclusion reached by all after every foot of ground in the neighborhood had been dug up by hand and planted in celery by the man who owned the property. Of course he grew celery there because the soil was suited to it and not

Railroading.



Mr. Funnle-Boye Punn—I—er—perceive Miss de Marke, that you've gone into the railroad business.
Miss Vick-Timon De Marke (amazed)—How! What do you mean, Mr. Punn?
Mr. Funnle-Boye Punn (triumphantly)—I—er—I see you have a little train.

because it gave him a pretext for digging deep and working the earth diligently.

The Afternoon Tea.

For Saturday Night.

You should hear my young friend Mr. Vincent McGee. Succinctly describe you an afternoon tea; The welcoming smile, which you duly return, As you stare at the dresses the fashions to learn, Is scornfully dubbed by this genius so stern, Giggie.

Your bright conversation—perhaps in this vein— "Do you think we are likely to have some rain Of course you will go to the Wellington's ball Oh, isn't that woman outrageously tall, Such a fright of a dress too?" this cynic will call Gabbie.

The professional caterer's triumph of art May in your estimation be just a small part, It's quite an indifferent matter to you, When you're asked to take tea, if you do not or do, But you drain a diminutive tea-cup or two, That's Gobbie.

When after, say ten minutes more you regret "There are one or two visits you have to make yet And you are afraid you must really go," You wouldn't be pleased if your hostess should know You are leaving because it is dreadfully slow, That's Gitt.

Giggie, Gabbie, Gobbie, Gitt,
Does the definition fit?
Pretty well, you must admit.

VICTIM.

Old Timers.

THE white whiskers on old Jack Frost this winter have been of the large, flowing, Dundreary type, and the cold winds of the wild north-west have whistled through their circumambient redundancy with an all-permeating, grisly chill. These atmospheric conditions have doubtless given many an old-timer his opportunity.

It mislikes me greatly to hear one of these mendacious old remnants wagging his venerable life-trap to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, and loading the atmosphere round the bar-room stove with retrospective glances through the shivering vista of the frigid past. To hear one of these old blizzards talk, you would think that the temperature had been steadily ascending ever since he had first reached this cold world, through a crack in the ice. In fact, some of them have such a convincing manner, such an air of child-like truth that it is absolutely necessary for the average individual to go out and get his nose frozen before he can estimate the old freezer's yarn at its proper worth. Even then, if the victim ventures to moan, the crowd is very likely to jump on him for blasphemy.

There are several reasons why these relics of a frozen past should set the standard of their own youth at so many degrees below the temperature of to-day. Thermometers in those days were scarce and unreliable and the state of the weather was generally gauged by the length and number of icicles adorning the parson's whiskers when he came to call, and although he was generally the most righteous man in the settlement, still even a parson is likely to have his judgment biased more or less by the temperature of the end of his nose, so that mistakes of forty or fifty degrees were not uncommon.

Again, dwellings were by no means so comfortable when heated by the old-fashioned wood stoves, which burnt out shortly after sundown, at which rather primitive hour our respected forefathers generally sought their couches, and consequently the water froze in the jugs, etc. But anyone knows it would freeze just the same at the present day if you gave it the same chance.

But the principal reason is that in their youth these old gaffers were up and doing outside where the cold could get a chance at their marrow, whereas now I notice that they hug the chimney corner and the whiskey bottle pretty closely all the time, and naturally when a man feels warm and comfortable he can't understand people grumbling at the cold.

However, the man who throws away his over-shoes and discards his muffler on the strength of the thaw worked out by the superheated imaginations of these isothermal old oracles is a gold-blamed idiot, and I may add that he's a blooming scarce article this current winter.

G. J. A.

Only One Mistake.

"Are you the editor of the *Blizzard*?"

The caller was a stranger with his hat on the back of his head and a broad smile on his face. "I am, sir," answered the man at the desk. "Then it was you, I presume—ha! ha!—who wrote that notice of my daughter's wedding—ha! ha!—that was in the paper this morning?" "Yes, sir," said the editor cordially, but with some misgivings. "It was all right, wasn't it?" "O, yes! It was a good job. An excellent job! Ha! ha! It was all right—you don't mind shaking hands with me!"

"Certainly not!" "It was all right," said the smiling stranger, jerking him out of his chair in the excess of his handshaking zeal. "It was all right," he added, slamming him against the wall. "There wasn't anything wrong with it at all," continued the affable caller, grabbing the editor by the collar, pushing him back backward over his chair, catching him by the heels, hauling him round the room, upsetting the furniture with him and finishing by jamming him in the waste basket.

"There was nothing the matter with it, sir, except that my daughter wasn't married at all, sir! Good morning."—*Chicago Tribune*.

After a Hard Campaign in Washington.

The Lieutenant—And are you sure, my brave darling, that you understand what it is to be a soldier's wife—the dreary existence in lonely frontier barracks, the Indian massacres, the exposure to hardship and scenes of horror which you will be called upon to face by your husband's side?

His Just affianced—Oh, yes, Tom; and I am prepared to endure anything except to see you dance another cotillion with that DeGrosse widow.

Pretty Soon.

The summer girls who are in sack-cloth and ashes this Lenten season will blossom forth in sack-coats and sashes with the return of genial weather.

Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL
By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Court," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.

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CHAPTER II.

A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

To listen to Father Lavello, the robust cure of Verona, formerly the young enterprising priest of Heart's Delight, was for many days the height of happiness to the wiry, quixote-looking Alan Keith.

He lived again. The past came back to him without its passions or its pains. It was like a story told. He saw himself outside himself. He was a looker-on, deeply interested, but only a looker-on. He loved that other Alan Keith for loving Hannah, to whom his soul went back in worship and in love.

Black, stormy clouds swept over his soul at thought of Ben's and Ristack's, but they passed as quickly as they came, the sunshine predominated.

Father Lavello was eloquent in dwelling upon the mercy of God and the sympathy of the Holy Mother of God for Alan and the dear one who had gone before. He kept Alan's thoughts among the gentle places of the past, and the boundless love of Alan for his wife filled so much of his vision in looking back that it sweetened the bitterness of his soul. His recollection of the early days of Heart's Delight was now above all memories the most vivid and real.

Alan told the priest of the visits of Hannah to his dungeon, and the cure turned the tender fancies to good, religious account. The mad Englishman soon became known as a devout Catholic. The faithful deemed this to be ample evidence of his perfect sanity. Even in those days Venice had her scoffers, and the lean and withered Englishman mortifying himself was to them somewhat humorous in a grim kind of way; for most of the church's devotees were snug and fat, and of contented dispositions; whereas the mad Englishman was met at all hours in the city wandering from church to church, from narrow footway to narrow square; while fishermen encountered him at equally varied hours, plying the sandal, that some good natured citizen had lent him, now with oar or paddle, now skimming along under sail, a veritable ancient mariner, with sparkling eyes and thin gray locks that fluttered in the wind.

Father Lavello had been enabled to almost complete Alan's story of the secret harbor of Labrador, the wreck of the St. Dennis, the arrest of Plympton, his acquittal and death, and the destiny of his son David and the woman Sally Mumford, in whose charge the boy had been left. The cure's advice kept Alan still in Venice. He had agents who could follow up the clue to David's whereabouts, where they had left it some dozen or fifteen years previously.

He had long ago been convinced of Alan's death; other ties and responsibilities had diverted his attention from the story of David, his son. Heart's Delight and all that belonged to it had more or less faded away except as incidental to his career. A cure in Verona, such ambition as he had encouraged at Heart's Delight with dreamy vistas of new conquests for the church had died out. The priest's mind had gradually taken up the color and temper of his environment. He lived a quiet, reflective life, enjoyed his garden, drank his white wine and red, confessed his flock, married them and buried them, visited his clerical neighbors, went on voluntary pilgrimages to monastic establishments where he was heartily welcome with his genial face and his happy views of life; and altogether had become a calm, contented, well-to-do cure with his little house, his careful old housekeeper, who was an excellent cook, his library and his uniformly good health.

For a time he had been, however, greatly moved at the meeting with Alan Keith. Like his old parishioner of Heart's Delight, during their conversations he felt some of the old passion of the colonial days, the inspiration of adventure born of the Atlantic Sea. Once more he felt his pulse hurry on with reminiscences of the stirring episodes of the fisheries in summer, and winter stories by the Great House fire when the winds were raging without, making snow drifts mountains high in the valleys, and wrapping the shore as far as eye could see in a vast winding-sheet.

Furthermore, his sense of the romantic had been piqued by Alan's honest story of the adventures of Demon's Creek, though he had crossed himself many times during Alan's narratives of the capture of the Anne of Dartmouth and the vengeance that had been wreaked upon the three fishing admirals.

Alan had to undergo certain incidents of prayer and penance before the cure could feel justified in assuring him of that forgiveness with which he was empowered to console him in the name of St. Peter; and the same good priest found himself sympathizing with his penitent whose confessional exercises were rather secular than religious, triumphant rather than humble and contrite. Alan was, however, as was in the hands of the cure, so far as outward form and ceremony were concerned, and once more he thought Hannah came to him and he dreamed the old dreams over again, the dreams that had made life and his long imprisonment a possibility of life and sanity; for as we know, however Venice might agree with the Moorish gaoler in calling him mad, Alan had given him ample evidence of a strong power of mind that had enabled him to withstand the breaking down and ruin of his mental faculties. It is not madness to dream; it is madness not to dream.

"It wouldn't be a matter for wonder if I'd gone clean daff, a Jack o' Bedlam," said Alan, in one of his talks with the cure; "think o' it! Twenty years o' bondage! First a slave, a Christian slave among blacks. Lastly, a prisoner, barely seen the light for nigh upon ten years or more! I didn't count the time then, but I've been reckoning the years ever since I got free!"

"It is terrible," said the cure. "As you say, it is wonderful that you have retained your reason, my poor dear friend; but Christ and his Holy Mother have had you in their keeping.

And how came you in the hands of the slave-dealers?"

"Saving me from the sea and the jagged rocks, divine Providence thought right to drop me into the hands of what they call Riff pirates, trading in human flesh; they made me difference between Christians and heathens, Europeans and Africans; and I went with the rest; ye'd a thought if ye could just 'a' seen me, wi' nae mair flesh on my bones than was enough to haud them thigether, that the inhuman beasts would 'a' let me free; but nae, as I tell ye I went with the rest!"

"My poor friend!" said the cure.

"It is said there's nae depth without a lower, and it's true, livery word of it. Eh, how I sighed for the days o' the slavery! When they shut me up between stane walls, I had nae idea how happy I'd been slavin'! I the sun, tillin' the ground, carrying heavy loads, pulling an oar chained to the seat, getting now and then a bitter taste of blows, sleeping at night with a shedfu' o' African niggers, and a mairist as many Europeans who like myself had once been white! God, man, when I think o' it, I thirst for blood like a tiger turn'd to bay!"

Alan tore open his Oriental vest and robe as if he were choking, and paced the floor, animal-like, as if he were caged, the good priest slowly following him, uttering kindly and soothing words.

"Forgive me!" said Alan presently, "forgive me! There are times when the devil seems to tek hold o' me, and upbraids me! That I didna find opportunity to cut the throats o' them! And, man, I did seek it, but they had the scent o' bloodhounds for danger and all their watchfulness!"

"There, there, my son, my dear old friend, be calm, sit down," urged the priest, the thought passing through his mind that had he himself been more intent upon the technical observances of Holy Church he might have elected to pass his days in some lonely conventual cell.

"I ask your pardon," said Alan. "I amna quite myself at times, and nae wonder, as ye are gude enough to say, thinking o' the gude time I hae wasted!"

"Why did they detain you in prison?" asked the priest, deeply interested in Alan's story, whenever his strange friend was willing to relate his adventures.

"Nae, I dinna ken. I just expected they'd tek my head off. Sometimes I wish they had, saving your reverence's presence, as pair Pat Doonan used to say, when he outraged the discipline o' the Church. Eh, hoo often I hae thought o' those days of Heart's Delight, sometimes comin' tae regard them as just a dream, a start o' life a man might hae leaved before he was born! D'ye nae ken yerself the day when ye've felt ye hae liv'd in another world, and that ye hae been left somehow behind in this?"

"It is the next world I'm most concerned about," said the priest, again patting the old man's bony hand, and looking into the wondering eyes of his friend with compassion, and the wish to soothe and comfort him.

"Aye, livery man to his trade," said Alan; "but ye were asking why they didna hang me."

"No, why they kept you in prison."

"That's ane o' the puzzles I often axed myself! I earned naething for them in prison; I was just a wee bit usefu' outside. But ane o' my gaolers dropt a hint aye that day that by the intervention o' the Christian powers Christian slaves had been abolished and that even piracy had become a deeficult business. Ye see there had been some kind o' rebellion 't the land; a risin' o' the tribes, and I had taen a hand in it, bein' suddenly freed for that purpose; but it was just a fizzle, and I had nae time either to get into the feight or run for liberty, before I was a prisoner in the hands o' the Sultan or the king, or whatever they ca'd the turbaned devil, and when I wouldnae bow wi' the rest, instead o' haeing my head chop'd off I was taen aside, and my nationality bein' discovered by ane they ca'd an interpreter, and I was released as a slave and imprisoned as a traitor, or a foreign spy, or what ye will, God in heaven only knows, I dinna, but they kept me in the prison o' Tafflet. I gathered from my gaoler that I was regarded as an uncanny kind o' agent in the rising, a danger to what they ca'd the State, and being English a kind o' feend either to kill or chain up, and sae in merciful consideration o' their victory they decided to chain me up, and shut me out frae the light o' heaven! I wouldnae 'a' been surprised gin they had seen me rise up from the coral strand that I was the very fiend himself come to plague them. Eh, but it was just a wonderfu' thing how I made my way out o' that fearsome watter wi' the rocks that jagged, you might 'a' thought even the evil one could nae hae survived them!"

"Almighty God was good to you, my son," said the cure.

"I hae tried to think sae, my dear friend," Alan replied, "but what about the lthers that perished?"

"The Blessed Saints must have interceded for you," said the cure, "and our Almighty Father had work for you, who knows, perhaps for the glorification of His church, for you were as I remember, my son, a brand snatched from the burning by the good influence of that saintly woman who was given to you as a helpmate and companion."

"It passes belief that God could hae any work for sae poor a creature, for ane sae punished and persecuted," Alan answered, "and yet it was m'rculous that I was resurrected, as you might say, from that livin' grave to be plunged intae another and still be saved to see ye once again in the flesh. While livery timber o' the ship went to pieces and livery man o' the pair bodies who had sailed wi' me and fought wi' me went to the bottom, I was lifted out o' the breakers, and in the sittin' o' the sun I rose right up, a' torn and ragged it is true, wi' bleedin' hands an' feet, but I stood right up as the same like a livin' pillar on a

mighty plain o' ribbed sand; and I started off to walk agin the red bars o' the sun. On and on, the sand hot to my b'ed'n' feet, a' the land red wi' the last light o' the day. And when I reached the long, low-lyin' city that I thought on as the New Jerusalem, a refuge and a blessing, I had only risen from the dead to fall into slavery, heathen slavery. I came nigh upon cursing God and myself—asking your reverence's pardon! Nae, dinna turn frae me, I'm nae sae wicked as ye think."

"You have been most unfortunate," said the priest.

"From slavery to a freedom hardly worse, frae freedom to enforced service! I the field, feichtin' for what I didna ken; I only desired to be free. The fiends mun 'a' smothered the voice o' my saintly intercessor at the mercy seat. It seemed I couldnae dee, for when I was healed o' my wounds and come to ken myself again I was a prisoner, what should hae been a hospital was a dungeon, what should hae been air and sun was just a stifling pest and darkness. Is it nae strange I hae the patience to tell ye o' my woes?"

"The wonder is, my poor unhappy son, that you do not proclaim them from the housetops," the cure replied, affectionately pressing Alan's bony hand.

"You were always kind and considerate, my father," said Alan, his voice softening, his eyes moist with emotion, "and I am grateful, dinna ye think I amna. There are times in this heavenly city when I forget everything, savin' the sunshine, the blue skies, and the wondrous palaces, and when I feel as if I had begun to walk the sacred streets o' Paradise. D'ye mind the saintly tender wife I had out yonder in Heart's Delight? Ah, it was only she kept me frae madness. She came to me and sat by me, and talked to me in her soft sweet voice, and bade me be patient; and many's the time the gaoler looked as if he just envied me my chains when he heard my cheerfu' voice in response to hers; and he'd fairly greet when I tow'd him whom I had had visitin' me, and thanked him for lettin' her through the gates. Eh, but it was a sad day for me when the owd man deed and another came! I his place who kenned nae Joseph, as the Scripture hath it!"

"It was the Blessed Mary that led her thither, my son; you had prayed to the Holy Virgin!"

"I had prayed to God and the Blessed Virgin, to Blessed Michael the Archangel, to the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and to all the saints I'd ever heard ye name in those happy days in the little chapel in the bay and the Great House inshore; and I asked for Hannah, her name was on my lips in season and out; and one day or night she came—I couldnae much distinguish nigh frae day—she came with a great leight about her. I could see livery sort o' the slimy wall o' my cell, livery bit o' mortar and deevilish thing that crawled there; and then it a' changed to the valley o' Heart's Content, and we sat outside the tent they made her there, and I could see her gracious countenance and hear her heavenly voice, and feel her soft hand in mine; and that was happiness enough to wipe out years o' misery; and she came again and again, day after day, and the prison walls fell down and we sat beneath the trees of Heart's Content; but aine I left that hoose o' detention and sailed the sea and anchored in this haven that is a sea and a city a' in one, I've nae had sight o' her but once!"

"You have seen her again!" said the priest.

"Aye, last night o' a lthers; but it was different frae the prison and it was only in a dream; she came to me the night and she led a young man by the hand; he was dripping wet wi' the sea; 'twas a sailor lad, and she said unto me soft and low but in clear accents, impressive and deliberate, 'This is our dear son David; be good to him, he will need your help and love.' At first I thought he mun be dead, but she smiled as if she knew my thought and said, 'No, he lives; and then I woke and went forth. It was break o' day and Atilio was up and in his boat, and he put her head about and we sailed into the lagoons, and the world was just beautiful beyond imagination, and I said to myself I'll see him hereabouts, my dear son David, and the wind coming in from the blue sea I just thought answered me and said, yes; and I felt that I should ken him the moment I set eyes upon him, for the lad she held so tender-like by the hand had her winsome look in his eyes, and I could remember my ain sel when like him, I was that tall and straight, like a young poplar awaying in the wind; though now I look like that same tree blasted by the lightning, with bare branches a' dead and a scuffling to those who hae escaped the storm."

"Not so, dear friend; gray hairs are honorable, and the lightning has not withered your heart nor blighted your life. You have sinned greatly."

"Aye, I know it!" said Alan.

"We have all sinned greatly," continued the priest, "but few have been punished upon earth as our Heavenly Father hath punished you; and as I have already vouchered for it on your contrition, your resolution to sin no more, and your humble confession, your sins are forgiven you. To-morrow in chapel, fitting time and place, we will speak further of this. Meanwhile, Atilio, you see, has laid the cloth, and it is fitting we refresh the physical man."

"Aye, but ye tak me straight back to Heart's Delight!" said Alan, pushing his straggling hair from his forehead. "Ye always knew how to win a man from unhappy thoughts, how to soothe his temper. Spiritual and phesical, I always said Father Lavello had nae equal on alth! Terese, bring the cheekens. Atilio, pour out the wine."

The cure smiled and drew his chair to the table and talked of the Austrians and the fortunes of war, told stories of Venice when she was mistress of the seas, talked of Verona and coaxed his host back from the hard lines of his miseries into the genial atmosphere of the Lion of St. Mark.

Father Lavello set his agents in England to work finding out David Keith; and they traced him to old Petherick's at Yarmouth. It took months, however, to conduct the correspondence. While they were waiting for information, Alan and Father Lavello made their dispositions for the future of Alan's son and heir. The cure, with a righteous regard for higher powers than their own, took frequent occasion to warn Alan by reference to the past that what might seem to man the most wise and



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virtuous plans did not always find favor with God. They had both good hopes, nevertheless, that Alan might live to embrace his son and endow him with such of his worldly goods as he deemed honestly come by, with a reversion of other treasures to the service of Holy Mother Church.

Meanwhile, with the aid of a wise councillor and banker in Venice, Alan had been enabled to withdraw from the Bank of England a considerable sum of money that had lain there on deposit since the days when David Plympton had induced his son-in-law to place there a part of Hannah's dowry and certain savings of his own.

It was fortunate for Alan that no legal or other record of his piracy had come between him and his written and duly witnessed order for this money, the admiral who fought the St. George having, as we have seen, wiped out with his official narrative every soul connected with it, the only living creature who could have given evidence to the contrary being Lester Benz, who having been knighted "for distinguished services to his country" was at that time doing official duty as governor of a group of islands far away from Newfoundland. Sir Lester Benz was indeed a man of influence and consideration. He had taken out with him to his island home a young wife, and it is quite possible that he has founded a family of colonial governors who will carry the name of Benz with honor and distinction to official graves. Father Lavello declined to discuss with Alan the mysterious, not to say peculiar, ways of Providence as exemplified in the case of Sir Lester Benz, except to point out to him the usefulness of Sir Lester's absence from England, and the utter improbability of his ever being in a position to do further injury to him or his son.

So the time went on, and Alan found himself not only no longer penniless but a man of current means, with gold in his pocket and gold in the Venetian bank.

From being laughed at in Venice and treated with pitying smiles, he became the wonder and admiration of the city, beloved of the poor, respected of the rich, an eccentric it is true, still a little mad, but with method in his madness, and in his bright, flashing eyes the light of benevolence.

The solitary Turk salaamed him, for he had brought light and warmth and furniture and tapestries back to the old palace. The gondolier and his wife obeyed his every whim, for he had made their gloomy cover in the back ways of the palace homelike and comfortable; so that when the winter came they were not perished, and they had wine every day, and blessed the Virgin and her messenger, the mad Englishman, for it.

Thus in these days of his premature age and solitude, Alan Keith found something of consolation and recompense for much of his suffering, and with promise of a living son to take his hand and pass down the last hills of life with him, a son to whom he could talk of his mother, a son to whom he could tell his secret of Demon's Creek, a son whom he could endow with wealth and power, a son who might restore the names of Keith and Plympton to honor and respect at home and in Newfoundland.

CHAPTER III.

HAD OMENS FOR THE MORNING STAR.

No sooner was the Morning Star well on her way than she became the sport and scuff of the elements. Ships are lucky or unlucky as men are. The Morning Star was unlucky.

If there had been a league of fate against her she could not have been worse beset than she was on this voyage, which was to be memorable in the career of David Keith.

He set out with a cheerful heart. His hopes rose high with his love. Elмира had given him a token of her pledged affection. It was a ring in exchange for one he had pressed upon her finger at parting. Sally Mumford, his foster mother, had said "Good-bye" bravely, without a tear that he could see. Mildred Hope had permitted him to kiss her forehead and press her generous hand. Zaccheus Webb had broached a special keg of brandy that had been smuggled from the Mounseers, and had drunk himself into ballads and sea songs; and Harry Barkstead had gone as far as Bristol with his friend and made the coach ride merry with his free and hearty manners; furthermore, he had given quite an air of distinction to David's sailing by his patronage of the captain and owners of the Morning Star bound for Halifax and St. John's.

Nothing could have been more promising than David's trip until the Morning Star began to buffet the great rollers of the North Atlantic. Her troubles did not come upon her suddenly or altogether unexpectedly, for the glass had begun to fall steadily from the time she was clear of the land. But one peril followed another with the direst persistence. She encountered a steady crescendo of disaster.

There was not a cloud when she encountered her first fierce gale. The skies were a steely blue. Walking over the dunes at Calster, or tramping along the Yarmouth streets, you would have said it was a fine, breezy day. The

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high, clear skies would have been voted cheery. Fishing smacks might have delayed putting out to sea until the glass changed, otherwise it would not have been thought, especially by landmen, anything but good weather; yet on board the Morning Star it was awful.

The winds raged from every quarter of the compass. The sea rose in vast waves that beat upon the ship with thunderous blows.

David Keith had seen storms in the North Sea. He had ridden through heavy gales with Zaccheus Webb in the Flying Scud that did not fly, but labored and kept her keel strong and steady, a veritable Dutchman for stern and beam; but he had seen nothing like the North Atlantic, had heard nothing like the roar of the winds that drove against the Morning Star and at times threatened literally to blow her out of the water. Now she was on her side, now she would right herself to rise upon the topmost wave as if to slip into the gulf beyond; all the time straining and crying like a living thing. The sailors strove to ease her by trying up everything that could give an extra grip for the strong, unseen arms of the wind that tore at her and ripped her sails whenever there was a stretch of canvas to lay hold upon.

"Tell 'e she be unlucky," David heard one of the Bristol men say to another during a passing lull in the tempest. "I grant as you says that she did not sail, sactly on a Friday, but it were the thirteenth of the month, and Matt White of Welsh Back met a cat as he was going on board to the ship where the Star was moored."

"I dunno as cats be unlucky," said the other. "I don't hold with all they says about cats, nor yet about pigs being unlucky."

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"Don't 'e! Well then I tell 'e they be as unlucky as priests or women on a ship!"

"Well, Billy," was the reply, "I'd risk the luck if I had a gal aboard."

"Would 'e now! Then I wouldn't, so I tell 'e! I believe strong in omens, and you mark my words; and talking of pigs, there was a drove of beasts unloading in the Welsh Back the very day we was towed down the river. And you knows well enough that Matt White dreamed as the Morning Star would go down and didn't want to sail in her, but they med him; and once afore on a similar dream the Warlock did go down as sure as we are in for the dirtiest weather as ever was!"

David being the only passenger on board had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the officers and crew. During the first few days he enjoyed the trip immensely. The captain was a sturdy if somewhat silent man, but he listened respectfully to David's fishing adventures.

The first mate liked to talk and he found David a good listener. The northern coast of Newfoundland was well known to him and he gave it a bad character. It was not only a danger to ships but it harbored desperadoes. The coast was sparsely populated and all manner of ruffians occupied it, building themselves shanties in the rocky caves and to his certain knowledge practicing the villainous work of wrecking and robbery. From this they drifted into the traditions of the coast and then into stories of the superstitions of sailors. David told him what he had overheard, and the mate confessed that there was a feeling of uneasiness in the ship. He had advised the captain to let Matt White quit, but the captain was a rigid disciplinarian and he would not hear of a man who had signed articles being released on frivolous grounds; for Matt had confessed that the only reason for his desire to get another ship was on account of a dream.

During the heaviest stress of the first gale that was noted in her log two of the crew of the Morning Star came nigh upon throwing Matt White, of the Welsh Back, overboard, as a Jonah, but they relented when the storm abated, and Matt had shown himself as willing as he was capable, taking every bit of dangerous duty assigned to him with a cheerful "Aye, aye," and holding out upon the yards with superb grip when the sail at every bulge seemed as if it must fling him into the sea. If Matt feared he did not show it, except when omens were talked about. No sailor aboard had a sterner nerve, none worked as Matt did, without a murmur, even when pined from the short and intermittent rests that hollowed the cheeks of other men and took the strength out of their arms.

David had slept but little for several nights, when at last the weather improved and once more the men were busy unfurling sails and hoping to take full advantage of the wind that seemed to be changing in favor of the voyage.

"Yes, I think you can count on a little rest to night," said the captain, as he scanned the horizon.

"You think the worst is over?" said David.

"I hope so," said the captain.

"You doubt it?"

"I do; my advice is to get some sleep while you can, Mr. Keith."

"Thank you," said David.

The captain went below. The mate took his place on deck. But the mate was no longer talkative, and David as he watched the sunset found his thoughts going back to England, to Elmhurst, and his foster mother, to Zachariah Webb and the old house on the dunes. The wind was still high, but David was no mere landsman and he heeded not the pitching and swirl of the ship as she beat up into the wind and seemed to stretch forth wide, open wings, as if she would fly from the storm that was coming up with fresh forces.

David paced the deck and lifted his face up to the spray that scattered itself among the lower rigging and beat upon him like rain and hail.

The crew were all busy about him, modifying the swing of a sail here and there and following the signals of the boatswain's cheerful whistle. David looked beyond the ship and pictured Yarmouth and Calster and all that he loved there. Mildred Hope came into his mind, and at thought of her he offered up a silent prayer that he might be spared to return to the little house in Hartley's Row.

The stars came out, clear and bright. David thought of the one that might be shining over the home of Elmhurst.

It might have been that his father was looking up at the heavens, too, making allowance for difference of time and wondering and thinking of the son who knew him not and who deemed him dead long and long ago. The cure had been able to report to Alan Keith the departure of David for Newfoundland. The information had come from Petherick, with whom Father Lavello had resumed a correspondence that had already proved as consoling to Alan. It may therefore well be that "the mad Englishman of Venice" would think of David at sunset and when the stars came out, for it is then, somehow, that men are most accustomed to ponder over those they love, especially when they are travelers far away. It is well, perhaps, that Alan could not, even in his dreams, see David, his son, on board the Morning Star.

With the setting of the sun the wind rose still higher. There was, however, no suggestion of any fresh danger. The vessel had already behaved so well that she might be fairly expected to ride out any other storm that struck her path. With a cheery "Good night, Mr. Thompson," David left the mate to his labors and went to bed.

Two hours later he was awakened by the well known commotion that belongs to a storm at sea. It did not need an experienced ear to make out that the ship was in the throes of a desperate struggle. The wash of the sea could be heard like a cataract sweeping the deck. It was accompanied by the hard, steady beat of the prow against the waves. She seemed to be pounding the sea as if a mighty hammer was at work. "All hands aboy!" rose trumpet-like in the blast, followed by what sounded to be "Aye, ayes." Then there was a confusion of sounds, a ripping and a staggering; whatever sails had to be reefed had evidently gone in tatters before the wind. A sound as of musketry followed. This was the jib blown to atoms. Shouts again—some half heard—commenced;

this time through a speaking trumpet. "Lay up on that main yard!" seemed to pierce the other noises. Another scramble of feet, and responsive cries of willingness and effort; the flapping of sails like the beat of mighty wings, a falling of blocks on the deck, thunder and straining of timbers.

David scrambled from his berth and crawled on deck, among broken yards and entanglements of rigging. The royal mast was being cut adrift. The galley went by the board, both anchors had worked loose, one of them was bearing down among the wreckage of sails and timber; a water barrel was rolling from side to side, the ship was groaning as if her timbers would part. All the time the stars were shining. Many of them blinked as if the wind crossed them. The chief lanterns of the night, however, burnt steadily in the blue as if coldly watching the ship (that had been named in honor of one of the brightest of them) beating her heart out against the attacking winds and seas.

From bad to worse; from a full-rigged ship to a broken-masted, ragged, lame thing still fighting the storm; from a sail-stripped mutilated carrier of men and goods, to a water-logged hulk; her prow a fairy-like figure, however, with a golden star still shining on its smooth forehead, the only part of the doomed ship that could be plainly seen above the waves. The sculptor who designed and carved that woman with the proud defiant gaze might have been honestly proud if he could have seen his ideal figure rise every now and then and breast the tempest wave, lifting her bright golden star into the very face of the night and awaiting eclipse with the dignity and calm of the sun herself.

When at last the storm abated; when the stars went in and the sun came out; when the sea was calm and smiling as it is on sunny days in the Solent except for a wide and swelling motion that might be taken for pride of power; when the wind seemed to have paused to listen for the cries that had mingled with its own wild shouts of menace and destruction, all that was left of the Morning Star was one or two boats, with David Keith and the superstitious Bristol sailor aboard. The captain and mate went down with their ship. The rest of the crew were drowned by the foundering of the first boat they had launched.

David and Matt White, of the Welsh Back, were the only survivors of the Morning Star. The sun looked down upon them smilingly; and yet they were without meat or drink or compass—two famished men in an open boat on the North Atlantic.

(To be Continued.)

The Marriage of The Miller.

Medallion put it into his head on the day that Benoit and Annette were married. "See," said Medallion, "Annette wouldn't have you—and quite right—and she took what was left of that Benoit, who'd laugh at you over his mush and milk."

"Ha, ha! Benoit will want flour some day, with no money;" and the old man chuckled and rubbed his hands on his knees.

"That's nothing; he has the girl—an angel!"

"Mon Dieu! that is what I said of her—an angel!"

"Got married yourself, Farette."

For reply Farette thrust a bag of native tobacco into Medallion's hands. Then they went over the names of the girls in the village. Medallion had objections to each for whom he wished a better future, but they decided at last on Julie Creeve, who, Medallion thought, would in time profoundly increase Farette's respect for the memory of his first wife; for Julie was not an angel. Then the details were ponderously thought out by the miller, and ponderously acted upon, with the dry approval of Medallion, who dared not tell the Cure of his complicity, though he was without compunction. He had a sense of humor and knew there could be no tragedy in the thing—for Julie. But the miller was a careful man and original in his methods. He still possessed the wardrobe of the first wife, carefully preserved by his sister—even to the wonderful gray watered-poplin which had been her wedding dress; and these he had taken out, shaken free of cayenne, camphor and lavender, and sent upon the back of Parpon, the dwarf, to the house where Julie lodged (she was an orphan), following himself with a statement on brown paper showing the extent of his wealth, and a parcel of very fine flour from the new stones in his mill. All was spread out, and then he made a speech, describing his virtues, and condoning his one offence of age by assuring her that every tooth in his head was sound. This was merely the concession of politeness, for he thought his offer handsome.

Julie slyly eyed the wardrobe and as slyly smiled, and then, imitating Farette's manner, though Farette could not see it, and Parpon spluttered with laughter, said: "Monsieur, you are a great man; the gray poplin is noble, also the flour, and the writing on the brown paper. Monsieur, you go to mass, and all your teeth are sound; you have a dog churn, also three feather beds, and five rag carpets; you have sat on the grand jury. Monsieur, I have a dot; I accept you. Monsieur, I will keep the brown paper, and the gray poplin, and the flour." Then with a grave, elaborate bow, "Monsieur!"

That was the beginning and end of the courtship. For though Farette came every Sunday evening, and smoked by the fire, and looked at Julie as she accumulated and arranged the necessities for her dot, he only chuckled, and now and again struck his thigh and said: "Mon Dieu, the ankle, the eye, the good child, Julie, there!" Then he would fall to thinking and chuckling again. One day he asked her to make him some potato-cakes of the flour he had given her. Her answer was a cat's atropine. She could not cook; she was even ignorant of butter-milk pudding. He went away overwhelmed, but came back some days afterwards and made another speech. He had laid his plans before Medallion, who approved of them. He prefaced the speech by placing the blank marriage certificate on the table. Then he said that his first wife was such a cook that when she died he paid for an extra mass and six very fine candles. He called upon Parpon to endorse his words, and Parpon nodded to all he said, but, catching Julie's eye, went off into gurgles of laughter, which he

pretended were tears by smothering his face in his capote. "Madame," said the miller, "I have thought. Some men go to the Avocat or the Cure with great things; but I have been a pilgrim, I have sat on the grand jury. There, Madame!" His chest swelled, he blew out his cheeks, he pulled Parpon's ear as Napoleon pulled his valet's. "Madame, allons! Babette, the sister of my first wife—all she is a great cook also—well, she was pouring into my plate the soup—there is nothing like pea-soup with a fine lump of pork, and thick molasses for the buckwheat cakes. Madame, allons! Just then I thought. It is very good; you shall see; you shall learn how to cook. Babette will teach you. Babette said many things, I got mad and split the soup. Madame—eh! holy! what a turn has your waist!"

At length he made it clear to her what his plans were, and to each and all she consented; but when he had gone she sat and laughed till she cried, and for the hundredth time took out the brown paper and studied the list of Farette's worldly possessions.

The wedding day came. Julie performed her last real act of renunciation when she wore the gray watered-poplin, in spite of the protests of her friends, made modern by her own hands. The wedding day was the anniversary of Farette's first marriage, and the Cure faltered in the exhortation when he saw that Farette was dressed in complete mourning, even to the crape hat streamers, as he said, out of respect for the memory of his first wife, and as a kind of tribute to the second. At the wedding breakfast, at which Medallion and Parpon were in high glee, Farette announced that he would take the honeymoon himself, and leave his wife to learn from old Babette how to cook. So he went away alone cheerfully with hymeneal rics falling in showers on his mournful garments; and his new wife was as cheerful as he, and threw rice also. She learned how to cook, and in time Farette learned that he had his one true inspiration when he wore mourning at his second marriage.—Gilbert Parker in *Illustrated News of the World*.



"I say, Mariar, it must be purty darn cold sneakin' up them stairs to bed these winter nights!"—Life.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

CLARENCE.—You are a little selfish, very consistent, persevering and rather cautious and discreet. Your writing also shows good culture, rather refined taste, sufficient energy, tenacity of opinion, a fairly even temper, controlled affection, and rather a practical mind. It is the handwriting of a gentleman and does you credit.

JOHN.—I really could not answer you as you requested. As to the enclosure you request me to study this time, in the first place, it is only a scrap of a letter, and I won't break the rules for you a second time. In the second, I believe I know the writer so very well that it would be unfair to give you a delineation of his unless writing. It is a large temptation, as you may imagine.

PATRY.—I am sure Don would make his best bow to you if he heard your very flattering remark. 2. You are somewhat idealistic, rather bright, adaptable and very conscientious in your undertakings, liking to finish carefully what you undertake. Some tact, good imagination, a little love of fun which, however, is not a leading trait, and uprightness, some originality, and a decided ability are shown.

ARABELLA SWEENEY.—A very vivacious and bright person, with excellent ability and some reserve force, sensible, independent, fond of society, but by no means devoted to it, a little impatient, hopeful, forgiving, and somewhat apt to be hasty in speech; self-control in other matters is good, but resilience might be improved. An extremely attractive creature, I have not the least doubt, and of marked individuality, careful and orderly in habits, refined but not in any way lacking in force and energy. Don't you see how much good there is?

PEARL.—Great energy, good consistency, independent thought and careful action; judgment honest but defective, and a will and nature wholesome, hearty and anxious to do well are yours. I think you are almost incapable of a mean action; provocation might make you unjust, and something could make you tact-

ful. Are you not, with all your energy, a bit of a pessimist—not apt to see the sunny side of life? Only your great vitality and continuity of purpose make me doubt it. You are at all events one of the strong and wholesome natures.

TRA.—I cannot agree with whoever told you you were hard to solve, unless you have been practicing on them some pretense or affection, which I dare say is the case. Your writing shows lack of culture and rather a self-satisfied mind, some originality, excessive good temper and a rather unfortunate tendency to dependency under trial. At the same time that candor and honesty are plain, it is marred by affectation and a liking for intrigue, which stand against your perfection and curiously effect your character. Talk less; think more, and you will be more lovable and successful. Some curiosity, sense of humor and a decided dislike to change are shown. You are generous to a fault, but neither loving nor capable of self-sacrifice. Perhaps the reason you are a puzzle to the friend you mention is because of the undisciplined characteristics of your writing confuses. All you need to have is your traits balanced, sorted and turned right side up.

GRACE LOU.—Well, little woman, your letter quite took my breath away. Five feet high, and such a busy worker; you must be the great first cause of the expression, "Little, but, oh my!" You are not in the least an egotist, so far as your writing shows. I wish I had studied it before I read your letter, though. It is such a comment upon your remarks. 2. You are very bright, vivacious and energetic, adaptable to a marked degree, impulsive in matters of opinion, persevering and practical, but with great sympathy and much appreciation of beauty both of sights and sounds—slightly jerky and impatient sometimes, very affectionate, hopeful and good-tempered; discreet and possessing much facility. 3. I hope you found something in the paper at the time you wrote, which I tipped you with your Christmas work. I am sorry not to have noticed your request specially. Write as often as you like. You have greatly interested me.

NANCY C.—I have never read any of Desart's books but Children of Nature, in which the famous Mother Hubbard sermon occurs. It was clever and entertaining, but not at all elevating. I fancy the one you mention resembles it. I don't think the life one leads leaves lines on the hand, as it does on the face. Palmistry deals rather with what is to come, and the lines are on the hand in advance, as one may say. I am sure there is something in the study, but as I know next to nothing of it, and dislike the idea of prying into the future, I can not tell you anything about palmistry. The following are good books on palmistry: The Phylonomy of the Hand, by Beasmith; The Book of the Hand, by A. R. Craig; Palmistry and Its Uses, by L. Cotton, published in 1890, and The Manual of Chirography, by Heron Allen, 1885. 2. You are determined, good-tempered, tenacious, not markedly vivacious, fond of beauty, slightly imaginative, a little pronounced and self-assured, lacking depth of thought, but capable of much culture, which would well repay you; judgment is slightly prejudiced, candor, ambition and energy good, affection warm and love of comfort and ease plain.

CONCERN.—Your writing is in a transition stage, and while it shows some good points, is marred by immature and weak lines. The composition, spelling, and even the matter of your letter (which, however, has "nothing to do with the case") are in great need of careful improvement. I do not say this to discourage, but simply as a reason why I cannot give you a satisfactory delineation. You ask for the names of some books whose chief characteristics are originality or sarcasm. Read Sartor Resartus by Carlyle, Thackeray's Vanity Fair, etc., and for mild doses of satire read Max O'Rell. We have no satire of the wicked style that I know of. 2. I don't think you are in the least fitted for a stage success, but it all depends on what you mean by that expression. The fact of your friends informing you that you possess a remarkably fine voice is not likely to be all that is required. If, for a whole year, your concert has prevented you from writing to satisfy your curiosity as to your handwriting, I fancy it must be rather a mainspring in your character. Take my advice, little seventeen-year-old, train yourself and study your spelling and put aside for a time notions of a stage debut. Steady your character, sweeten your temper, smooth your corners of self-will and you will develop into a study I shall be proud to delineate some day.

ELISE C.—It is not at all necessary to thank you for seeing you home; the pleasure and the privilege are his—but if it rains or blows, so that the task becomes an undertaking, it would not be undignified to regret the contretemps in sympathetic tones. 2. You want to know what is the nicest thing to say when you are asked to dance. Oh, Elsie! what a question and what a vista of possibilities it opens up! If you dance well, and he dances well, and the floor is good and the music seductive, the best thing in the dictionary to say is "Yes," but, if he is hot and you are tired, and either or both are awkward, and anything else if off color, you had better be brave and say "No." Joking apart, it is one of life's chances to accept or decline a dance with the proper soupçon of acidity or regret. One can make the acceptance an insult or the refusal a benediction if one knows how. "With pleasure," is a simple way to answer a request which needs an affirmative. "I'm sorry, I'm engaged," or "I think I must rest," or with very familiar friends, "I will, if you won't ask me to dance in," is a simple way of refusing or substituting a *deco-dette*, which to most men is an agreeable change. If your partner accepts the affirmative he sure you make the chat so charming that he will be sorry for its close. 3. Your writing shows rather a snappy and original character, very sincere, honest and rather practical. You are courageous, not very vivacious, careful of detail, conscientious in execution, and a wee bit self-conscious, but capable of adapting yourself to circumstances.

The Ancient Bridegroom Corrects a Few Mistakes.

There were six or eight of us in the smoking car and the conversation somehow turned to marriage. At that one of the crowd spoke up and said:

"There's a bridal couple in the next car back, and it's enough to disgust everybody to see how silly the groom behaves. He's an old yahoo seventy years old, and it's probably his second wife."

"Yes, I saw him holding her hand," added another. "If I don't exhibit more sense than that at his age I hope somebody will brain me with a fence rail. The woman can't be over thirty-five, and has probably married him for his property. I tell you, gentlemen, there ought to be a law bearing on such things. There ought to be a law to send that old Joshua to prison for a year for even thinking of marriage. It's no wonder that society is what it is in this country."

"Is the bride good-looking?" queried the man who was smoking a cigar.

"Naw! Nose turns up, face all freckles and her teeth hang out to the weather."

"Gentlemen, kin any of you loan me a lead pencil?" asked an old chap across the aisle, who was smoking a clay pipe.

He was handed one and he wrote for three or four minutes in an old memorandum book, tore out a leaf, and as he started for the other car the leaf was handed to the man who had opened the conversation. He had written:

"First—I am the old yahoo referred to."

"Second—I am not seventy, but seventy-five."

"Third—it is not my second, but my third wife."

"Fourth—Bride hain't purty, but awful good-hearted."

"Fifth—Didn't marry me for my property, for I hadn't got any. I married her fur fur and an eighty-acre farm."

"Sixth—Yes, I held her hand and I'll do again, and don't you forget it!"

"Seventh—The hull blamed crowd of ye can go to Halifax and be hanged to ye!"—*Boston Journal*.

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Bound to Beat Her Neighbor.

"Do divorcees come high?" inquired the timid little thing of the Chicago legal light. "Oh, no, ma'am," he replied. "What did Mrs. Higley pay for hers last week?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars."

"Well, you may get me one for two hundred. I'm no slouch."

Extending the Nomenclature

Hojack—So long, Tomdick. I'll meet you in an hour at Hotel Bigley.

Tomdick—Very well. I have to step around to the Butcher-shop Muller and the Grocery Briggs to leave some orders first."

Not Obtuse.

Mother—Walter, where is the meat I left on the kitchen-table when I left to answer the door bell?

Walter (who had arrived at the dignity of wearing pants)—I gave it to Jack. (The dog.) Mother—Why, what made you do that?

Walter—He kept looking as though he wanted it, and I guess I can take a hint.



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Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Music.

AN EVENT of unusual interest was the inaugural concert of the newly organized Ladies' Quartette, which was held in Association Hall on the evening of March 9. A large and thoroughly representative audience filled the hall, among them being a considerable sprinkling of Toronto leading musicians, both amateur and professional. The concert as a whole must be regarded as a decided success. The singing of the quartette was remarkably effective for a first appearance and augurs well for the future prospects of the organization, being characterized by an excellent blending of the voices, correct intonation and an artistic regard for expression, which is all the more remarkable when the comparatively recent date of their first rehearsals is considered. Their most effective number was perhaps Neldinger's Rock-a-bye, which received a really delightful interpretation. An equally excellent rendering, as far as the quartette were concerned, of an arrangement of Sullivan's Lost Chord was ruined by an ill advised accompaniment. The organ and piano were brought into requisition in the number, and no doubt would have proved an interesting support to the voices but for the fact of a difference of pitch between the two instruments. In the words of the immortal poem, "someone had blundered," but the song found in which the blunder was persevered in to the end of the composition was remarkable. It speaks volumes for the self-possession of the ladies of the quartette that notwithstanding this nerve destroying accompaniment they were able to impress their own excellent work upon the audience to an extent which won for them an enthusiastic recall. In response to this they sang an exquisite love song by Brahms. As an encore to the Neldinger selection a quaint setting of Where Are You Going my Pretty Maid was rendered in beautiful style. The ladies of the quartette, Madame D'Auria, first soprano; Mrs. Scrimger-Massie, second soprano; Miss Edith J. Miller, first alto, and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, second alto, are individually possessed of solo voices, which have already established for them a prominent place among the concert talent of the city. Each of the ladies contributed a solo number and added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Madame D'Auria sang an aria from Traviata in her usual effective manner, a class of music for which her voice is specially well adapted. Miss Miller's beautiful contralto voice showed to good advantage in a similar florid composition by Mercadante, while Mrs. Scrimger-Massie and Mrs. Cameron made decided hits in their ballads which were rendered in excellent voice and in a manner which provoked loud and continued applause from the audience. Each of the soloists, although encored, set an example which might well be imitated by our concert singers generally in bowing their acknowledgments and declining to prolong the programme of "extras." The assisting artists were Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, A. T. C. M., pianist, and Mr. George Fox, violinist. Mr. Tripp played Beethoven's Sonata op. 31, No. 3, and Moszkowski's Concert Valse in E flat, winning an enthusiastic recall for the latter, which he played with unusual brilliancy and skill. His rendering of the Beethoven Sonata was dignified and thoughtful. I was much impressed by the beautifully rich tone which Mr. Fox is developing. In this respect he equals many of the celebrated virtuosi who visit us from time to time. With further study in a musical atmosphere, and the acquirement of a refinement and finish which can only be obtained through serious work and artistic associations, I confidently predict for Mr. Fox a future which will reflect credit and honor upon himself and his native land. His performance of the Vieuxtemps's Reverie, the Gipsy Dances by Sarasate, and several popular encore selections were among the most enjoyable numbers of the evening's programme. An interesting variety was lent the accompaniments by the difference in style shown by Sig. D'Auria and Mr. Hewlett, who officiated respectively in this onerous capacity during the evening. I shall look forward with much interest to the next appearance of the Ladies' Quartette, and trust that the existence of so deserving an organization in our midst will be duly appreciated and recognized by our concert managers in their arrangements for the future.

On the same evening a gratifying success was scored by the Canadian Order of Foresters, in their seventh annual concert, which was held in the Pavilion. The large hall was completely filled by members of the society and their friends, who by their frequent encores of the numbers presented testified to their delight at the attractive programme prepared for their entertainment. Owing to the illness of Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes of Buffalo, who had been advertised to appear, Mrs. Mackelcan of Hamilton was engaged as contralto soloist in her stead, an arrangement which proved highly satisfactory to the audience. The other participants were: Miss Minnie Gaylord, soprano; Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor; Mr. Fred Warrington, baritone; Miss Laura MacGillivray and Mr. Owen Smiley, elocutionists; and Messrs. T. A. Baker and James Fax, character singers, an array of talent which, as might have been expected, presented a programme which for excellence and variety has never been surpassed in any of the society's former concerts. The accompaniments were played by Mrs. Blight in a style which has made her famous in this capacity. The presence of the Lieutenant Governor, who officiated as chairman during the evening, lent added interest to the proceedings.

Lovers of military music will have their golden opportunity during the Chicago Exposition. What with the French band of the Garde Republicaine, the British Guards' Band, a band from Madrid, Spain, and other national organizations the event will be instructive and memorable from many standpoints. On April 25 the Madison Square Garden, New York, will be the scene of a musical festival which will serve as a sort of prelude to the continued festival in Chicago, beginning in May. On this occasion the German military band of one hundred members, specially chosen from the splendid military bands of the Ger-

man army, will concertize. The festival will continue for one week, the opening night (Sunday) being devoted to Wagnerian and sacred music. An interesting feature of these concerts will be the introduction of several instruments of the baritone and bass order, which have not hitherto been heard in this country.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, A. T. C. M., has prepared the following programme for his next pianoforte recital, which takes place during the latter part of April. Prelude and Fugue, G minor, Bach; Gavotte in D, Scarlatti; Riollet, Mendelssohn; Valse in E minor, Two Studies, Chopin; Nocturne in E flat, Field; Air de Ballet, op. 36, No. 5, Moszkowski; Staccato Caprice, Max Vogrich; March, op. 39, Hollaender; Valse Caprice, Rubinstein. This interesting programme should attract a large audience of lovers of pianoforte music.

Rehearsals for the Orpheus Society's prospective performance of Rossini's William Tell are progressing very favorably. Several of the solo artists have already been engaged, among them, Mr. M. Guille, the tenor, who delighted so many in his former performances in this city, and Mr. Del Puente, the well known baritone. The date of the performance has been fixed for May 18.

The question of the registration of musicians is attracting considerable attention in England at present among professionals and amateurs alike. Many excellent reasons are advanced for the compulsory registration of members of the profession on the same basis as is demanded from lawyers and physicians, it being felt that this would furnish the only public safeguard against impositions by fakirs and others who make up in "brass" what they lack in culture. A similar agitation would not be untimely in this Dominion, although owing to the comparative youth of the country it is a matter not so easily dealt with as in England, where higher standards have been attained to and where a sufficiently large number of educated musicians by combining could command a moral force which would have much influence in controlling public sentiment. It is often the case in newer countries that comparatively uneducated musicians, who are not sufficiently versed in the rudiments of the art to resolve a chord of the dominant seventh, are enabled by energetic push to assume an importance in the musical life of a community, entirely out of proportion to their attainments. Where such presume to be the leaders of musical "culture" any endeavor on the part of others to educate the public to a higher plane of thought is frequently met with by petty persecution, the feeble effect of which, however, diminishes as the people learn to discriminate. There are those, fortunately, in every locality, whose desires for the true advancement of art are sufficient to overcome the awful fear of threatened intimidation. Upon the action of such will depend, to a large extent, the attainment of results here which it is desired to bring about in England, through the idea of registration. Once a community is sufficiently advanced in its musical appreciation to think intelligently for itself, the necessity for such legislative protection will vanish.

Long-winded editorials have been wormed into our daily press of late years, written by parties whose dense ignorance, musically, was only equalled by the simplicity of their self-assurance, in which grandmotherly lectures have been read to the public and profession, the whole being tinged with an evident fear that the profession and the people might some day commit the serious indiscretion of thinking for themselves. I doubt whether, in any other city on the continent which professes a high standing as a musically cultured community, such twaddle would have been given space in the editorial columns of any recognized newspaper—much less would anyone have presumed to so underestimate the intelligence of the community as to seriously hope that anything but amusement would be derived from such effusions. The registration of musicians would no doubt be a tedious process in Canada. As a country grows in its powers of discrimination the necessity for such a move diminishes, although the artistic growth of a community might be quickened were these methods adopted at an early stage in its development. The true gauge of a musician in this country must be the respect in which he is held by educated brothers in the same profession. The public may be deceived, but the profession are not susceptible. Ignorance and pretense will in time find their level here as elsewhere.

On Tuesday evening the Ladies' Society of the German Lutheran church were presented with a very fine concert at the hands of some of Mr. E. W. Schuch's pupils at St. George's Hall. A large audience was present and thoroughly enjoyed the fine programme. The young ladies and gentlemen sang in a manner that reflected great credit upon the methods employed by their instructor. Those taking part were: Miss Minnie Gaylord, Miss Lilli Kleiser, Miss Maud Beach, Miss Louise Sauer, Miss Laura Sturrock, Miss Maud Carter, Miss Alice Burrows, Mr. G. F. Little, Mr. A. E. Eccleston, Mr. C. F. King, and Mr. A. D. Sturrock. The accompaniments were most efficiently played by Miss H. A. Shippe. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. Selter.

I have received from the composer, Mrs. Gerald Donaldson, copies of her two recent compositions, a Schottische and Waltz, both published by Messrs. Willis, Woodward & Co., New York. The Waltz, Village Beauty, is an effective dance movement dedicated to the 48th Highlanders and should prove popular.

Caledonia.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at the Methodist church on Wednesday, March 1, at four o'clock, p.m., when Dr. Russell H. Gowland of Hamilton and Miss Ella A. Marr of Caledonia were married. Rev. T. W. Tapscott of Hamilton, and Rev. T. W. Jackson of Caledonia, performed the ceremony. The bride's gown was of white silk a la valleur trimmed with embroidered chiffon, with veil and wreath of white hyacinths. She carried a bouquet of white roses. Miss Emma Marr, who was maid

An Obedient Child.



Mother—Now, never let me catch you in the jam again!
Willie—I—I—tried not to let you catch me this time.—Puck.

of honor, wore cream cashmere, and carried a bouquet of cream roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Sadie Elliot, in heliotrope cashmere, with bouquet of pink roses, and Miss Lillie Gowland, in cream cashmere, carrying pink and cream roses. The best man was Dr. Herbert A. Bruce, T. G. Hospital, and the ushers were Dr. J. Smith of Mount Hope and Mr. R. M. Calder of Grimsby. After the ceremony the bridal party partook of the wedding *dejeuner* at the home of the bride's parents, and afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Gowland took the train for Hamilton, where they will make their home. Mrs. Gowland's going away gown was of gray and velvet, with hat of gray with magenta roses.

Berlin.

Things have been rather quiet here since the commencement of Lent, but our young people are looking forward expectantly to the 7th of April, when the bachelors intend holding an assembly. Affairs of that kind are generally very successful here.

Mrs. Van Camp gave a very enjoyable tea in honor of Miss Jackson of Brockville. Among those invited were: Mesdames Clement, J. C. Falls, C. E. Hoffman, (Dr.) Lackner, (Dr.) McArthur, E. Smythe, A. Pipe, and Misses Breithaupt, Chalmers, Pearce, Polter, Russ, Seagram and Troop of Halifax.

Mrs. W. R. Travers is visiting friends in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Falls leave next Thursday for Winnipeg, where they intend residing for the future.

The numerous friends of Mr. V. Barry of the Molson's Bank will be pleased to learn of his speedy recovery from the effects of the hockey accident in London.

Mr. T. E. McLellan, son of the late Lieut.-Governor, Hon. A. W. McLellan of Nova Scotia, has purchased Mr. John Hoffman's beautiful residence and we believe intends to make his home here.

A very pleasant afternoon tea was given by Mrs. C. Breithaupt for her guest, Miss Russ of Brantford, a large number being present.

Mrs. Leonard W. Simonds and family left last week for Anderson, Indiana.

Mr. Harry Thibadeau, a promising young lawyer of Niagara N. Y., is stopping a few days at Mr. I. D. Bowman's.

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Over the zithern's strings,
In vibrant wanderings
Her supple fingers glide.
Now soft as Lethian dreams,
Now swift as singing streams:
A siskie, aluminous tide!

What wealth of sad despair
Galleth thy fingers fair
In mellow, dreamful grief!
A ghost of mournful wail
Whispering of Love unkind
To Autumn's lonely leaf.

Strike out a sweeter tune,
Like the soft hoit of June
Upon thy blushing cheek—
Of dewy blooms that tempt
The bolsters' bees unkempt
Their honeyed sweets to seek!

—Forrest Crissey in Belford's for March.

The End of The Argument.



Box—Sir, you're (hic) blame fool.
Cox—Sir, you're drunk.
Box—Sir, I know I'm (hic) drunk. I shall be sober to-morrow, but you'll always be (hic) blame fool.—Judge.

At the Poultry Show.

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Miss Rhapsode—Oh, my! How beautiful!
What lovely Easter eggs it must lay!

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Monday, March 20, and will run until further notice. The contests will open on
Monday at 1 o'clock p.m., and close on Friday evening at 9 o'clock.

A large glass jar filled with beans, and securely sealed, will be placed in a prom-
inent position in the lecture hall, where every person may get as near to it as they
may desire. The person guessing the nearest to the number of beans in the glass jar
will be entitled to the reward as stated below.

HERE IS THE PLAN:

To each admission ticket sold, will be attached two coupons which
will be detached from the ticket by the door-tender and handed back to
the holder of the tickets. Upon each coupon will be found space for
the name, address and guess. Both coupons must be filled out precisely
the same, one of which is to be dropped in a glass ticket box, which will
be provided in the lecture hall. The other coupon must be retained by
the guesser until the night of the drawing. Friday night at the second
theater performance the glass jar containing the beans will be brought
upon the stage, at which time the seal will be broken and the beans counted
by a committee chosen from the audience. The result of the count will
be announced to the audience, and the person holding the coupon upon
which is written the guess nearest the correct number, will be entitled to

Railroad Transportation to and from the
World's Fair.

SEE ADMISSION TICKETS AND SMALL BILLS

LECTURE HALL ATTRACTIONS

MR. AND MRS. MORLAN

The Married Fats. Largest Married Couple on Earth.

CHAS. B. TRIPP

ARMLESS PHENOMENON
Greatest Fodder Artist Extra

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Special Engagement.

MATTHEWS AND BULGERS

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MASTER CHAS. CARTER

Boy Magician.

10c. Admits to All. 10c.

The Scholastic Grove.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

HERE are signs that the examinations are approaching with eagle swiftness, for annual meetings have been in order during the past two weeks. The contests are now ended and the grinding has begun. The Literary Society did not witness a fierce contest, many of the offices being filled by acclamation. The retiring president, Mr. A. T. De Lury, B.A., was re-nominated, and had been chosen to accept he would have been elected by acclamation. In Mr. Charles A. Stuart, B.A., a good man has been elected by acclamation to the presidency. The other nominations were as follows, and for some offices a ballot was cast last night: First vice-president, Mr. S. J. McLean, nominated by Mr. F. B. R. Hellems; Mr. G. H. Levy, nominated by Mr. R. C. Dunbar. Second vice-president, Mr. L. Brown (acclamation), nominated by Mr. J. H. Brown. Third vice-president, Mr. R. W. Allen (acclamation), nominated by Mr. A. Bowles. Recording secretary, Mr. J. D. Fry (acclamation), nominated by Mr. W. E. Linglebach. Treasurer, Mr. W. Kirkwood (acclamation), nominated by Mr. W. L. M. King. Curator, Mr. C. C. Stuart, nominated by Mr. J. T. Blythe; Mr. W. E. McParson, nominated by Mr. J. H. Brown. Corresponding secretary, Mr. J. A. Chalmers (acclamation), nominated by Mr. J. T. Laing. Historical secretary, Mr. R. D. Coutts, nominated by Mr. J. D. Phillips; Mr. H. P. Biggar, nominated by Mr. B. A. C. Craig. Secretary of committees, Mr. A. C. Henry (acclamation), nominated by Mr. E. A. Brown. Councilors, Mr. J. T. Bythe, '94; Mr. J. G. Brown, '94; Mr. J. A. Montgomery, '95; Mr. E. J. Patterson, '96; Mr. A. E. Bergey, and Mr. H. Blackford, School of Science.

Mr. Geo. H. Needler, B.A., Ph. D., delivered a public lecture on Saturday last on The Nebulogical.

Another important annual meeting, Varsity Rugby Football Club, was largely attended and considerable excitement prevailed. The manager was abolished and it was agreed that a "coach" should be secured. The work of the club for the ensuing year will be under the immediate direction of: President, T. MacCrae, B.A.; secretary, A. L. McAllister; treasurer, K. D. McMillan; captain, George A. Claves; committee, W. Laidlaw, '94, W. A. Gilmour, '94, C. W. Cross, '95, D. McDonald, '95, J. Gilmour, '96, and W. A. White, '96.

Association football for some years led in popularity at the college, but public opinion appears to have taken a swing towards Rugby, and though the former draws more students the latter game draws with the public. The association men have a splendid club and a great record. Next season the officers will be: Honorary president, W. P. Thomson, B.A.; president, D. M. Duncan; vice-president, N. J. McArthur; secretary, W. E. Burns; treasurer, W. H. Pease; curator, S. M. Brown; representative to the Western Football Union, Alexander Goldie; captain, W. E. Linglebach.

Though we are British colonists we are not altogether seized with the Englishman's desire to be proficient on the cricket crease. Varsity, however, makes a fair showing in the game, and not a few of the boys take a great pleasure in the pastime. Our club will next season have for officers: Honorary president, G. M. Wrong, B.A.; president, P. E. McKenzie; vice-president, M. Lash; secretary, A. A. Bond; captain, T. H. Allison; curator, R. W. White; councilors, Messrs. Moore and White, '93; Bain and Kingston, '94; McDonald and Sims, '95; Kingston and Perry, '96.

The members of the Women's Literary Society have not yet become so deeply interested in the welfare of their organization as to have a great struggle over their annual elections. They do not have brute force committees or "nothin'." They simply elect officers and conduct their business in an ordinary manner. The newly elected officers are: President, Miss A. Weir; vice-president, Miss L. Hamilton; fourth-year councillor, Miss E. Lawson; third-year councillor, Miss Fraser; second-year councillor, Miss Tucker; recording secretary, Miss J. Street; corresponding secretary, Miss S. King.

Our Banjo and Guitar Club, from many admiring audiences during the past few months, has won rounds of applause and has had to respond to frequent encores. In order to carry on the work of cultivating the desire in the students for further progress in the handling of musical instruments, the club has chosen as officers for the next year: Honorary president, Mr. L. O. Moore; president, Mr. Gilbert Royce; secretary and treasurer, Mr. James Dobie; councilors, Messrs. Carroll, McAllister and Roxborough.

At the last meeting held of the Natural Science Association the following were nominated for office during the ensuing year, and the election will take place next week: President, Dr. W. L. Miller, elected by acclamation; first vice president, Mr. T. McCrae, B.A., also by acclamation; second vice-president, Messrs. Chrysler, MacCallum, Campbell, Lehmann, and Lewis; secretary, Messrs. Currie, Stewart, and Kenrick; treasurer, Messrs. McLay, McLaren, and Wilson; curator, Messrs. Lynde and Scott; fourth-year representative, Messrs. Rovell, Roxborough, Hales, Nicol, and Chrysler; third year, Miss Scratch, Messrs. Carroll, McLay, Wilson, and Duncan; second year, Miss Sherwood, Messrs. Martin, Pierce and Bell. Mr. Connor, '95, then read a paper on Dislocation. The general subject was first described, and was followed by an account of experiments made on the dislocation of hydrogen sulphide. At a former meeting of the society Mr. Silcox, '93, read an interesting paper on the relation of metabolism and sex. The data in favor of the theory were given, and it was shown that these theories could be explained by the theory of Geddes and Thompson. Some experiments on eggs were described, in which it was attempted to add further proof to the theory. Mr. Geo. More, '93, at the same meeting read an interesting paper on Instinct.

its Nature, Development and Origin. Different theories were given on the subject.

THE ELECTS OF KNOX COLLEGE.

In ministering to the spiritual wants and comfort of the inmates of the Central Prison, Woman's Home and other institutions in this city, the students of Knox College do a good work during the college session. This work is carried on under the management of the Missionary Society and at the annual meeting the other evening the following officers were elected: President, Wm. Cooper, B.A.; first vice-president, R. G. Murlson; second vice-president, C. T. Tough; recording secretary, Jas. Borland, B.A.; corresponding secretary, A. S. Ross, B.A.; treasurer, J. A. Dow; financial secretary, J. A. Cranston; secretary of committees, Geo. Arnold; councilors, Messrs. J. T. Hall, R. F. Cameron, J. C. Smith, W. D. Bell. The president-elect took the chair, and a number of the newly elected officers spoke briefly, thanking the students for the honor conferred on them. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring committee, to which Mr. W. R. McIntosh, B.A., the retiring president, replied. Excellent work is also carried on by the society during the summer in outlying fields. The society has appointed the following missionaries for the holidays this year: In the North-West Field, Mr. C. T. Tough; Gleichen, Mr. James Menzies; Long-laketon, Mr. A. S. Ross, B.A.; Carnduff, Mr. J. Burnett, B.A.; Brookdale, Mr. W. C. Dods; Kent Bridge, Mr. James Skene; Buxton, Mr. P. W. Anderson; Colchester, Mr. J. Radford; New Dundee and Baden, Mr. A. F. Webster; Black River, Mr. W. J. West; Kilworth, Mr. J. T. Hall; Warren, Mr. W. D. Bell; Providence Bay, Mr. George I. Crow; Bothune, Mr. W. G. Findlay; Franklin, Mr. J. B. Torrance; Ophir, Mr. W. Wallis; White Fish, Mr. D. McPhail; Berriedale, Mr. John Bailey; Loring, Mr. E. Mason; South Bay, Mr. Geo. Arnold; Port Carling, Mr. J. A. Dow; Lake Joseph, Mr. G. B. Wilson; French River, Mr. A. G. Bell; Squaw Island, Mr. W. A. Campbell; Algoma Mills, Mr. S. Waseley; Korah and Prince, Mr. T. A. Bell; Canal Mission, Mr. D. L. Campbell; Buck Lake, Mr. P. F. Sinclair; Dunchurch, Mr. T. Menzies; Callins' Inlet, Mr. H. McCulloch.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

Literature and theology are not dissociated at McMaster University, either in the classroom or among the students, and one of their organizations is known as the Literary and Theological Society. It is well conducted and the students derive much benefit from it. The officers are: Messrs. John R. Warnicker, president; H. P. Whidden, B.A., vice-president; H. Stilwell, secretary; G. H. Clarke and James B. Paterson, councilors. On Friday evening of last week a largely attended public meeting was held with the president in the chair. Choruses were rendered by the Glee Club and Messrs. Whidden, McMaster, McAlpine and Warnicker, and a duet by Messrs. H. P. Whidden, B.A., and H. N. Shaw, B.A., while readings were given by Messrs. W. J. Thord, Walter Daniel and H. N. Shaw. Much interest centered upon the debate, which was on the subject: Resolved, That Church Property Should Be Taxed. Messrs. C. B. Freeman, B.A., and John C. Sycamore were the speakers for the affirmative, and Messrs. E. J. Stobo, Jr., and John R. Cresswell for the negative. Strong were the arguments marshaled on both sides, for the Baptists are progressive in their views regarding freedom of discussion and the separation of church and state. The audience by a vote decided the debate for the affirmative.

OLD VICTORIA.

Victoria has also had its closing meetings for the season, but before the grinding for exams. was undertaken the students took occasion to congratulate the college upon the success of the convocation, and thank the committee for the excellent result of their labors. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. Hayden, Burwash and G. H. Locke.

Messrs. Crossley and Hunter attended the Y. M. C. A. meeting of Saturday last. Mr. Crossley was at one time a student of Vic.

The closing meeting of the Literary Society was honored by the presence of Mr. J. J. McLaren, M.A., LL.D., Q.C., who in 1857 with some others founded the society, which, therefore, is one of the oldest, if not the oldest "literary" in Ontario. A motion of regret from the third-year class at the prospect of the loss of the men of '95 turned the meeting for a time into an experience meeting, and the memory of old college pranks and the "immortal Bob" was revived. Mr. Hayden then recited in good form the Charge of the Light Brigade, the passage "Stormed at with shot and shell" being particularly well received, his parting "shot" leaving a good impression. Messrs. Sargeant and MacIntosh then favored the members with well rendered vocal selections, containing one or two local drives. The debate was exceedingly well conducted, calling forth praise from the society's visitors. The subject, the oft-debated one of the Tariff Reform, was introduced by Mr. I. Bowles in a pyrotechnic display of eloquence. Telling speeches were made also by Messrs. Liddy, Foucar, C. W. Scrive, H. T. Lewis, A. Y. Massey, W. G. Purser, E. R. Young and others, but the palm was yielded to Mr. Parsar, who with a pointed story threw ridicule upon the motion, stripping the opposition of all covering and laying bare the nakedness of their position. The effect of this speech was the complete overthrow of the motion. After the Victoria slogan, the members joining hands sang with fervor Auld Lang Syne, thus ending a most successful meeting of a most successful year.

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE.

On Tuesday evening last a public debate was successfully conducted in Wycliffe College. Messrs. N. J. Perry, B.A., F. W. M. Bacon, B.A., W. H. H. Sparks, D. Edwards, W. G. G. Dreyer, W. E. White, B.A., R. J. Murphy and A. Little acted as censors in the hall. Music was furnished by Messrs. Scott, Smith, Robinson, Maloney, H. N. Shaw, B.A., and the Misses Fletcher. Readings were given by Messrs. F. J. Steen, B.A., and E. J. Etherington, B.A. The debate was upon the subject: Resolved, That the Lack of Individuality and Chivalry Resulting From the Utilitarian Spirit

of the Age is to be Deplored, and was ably argued by Messrs. J. H. Fielding and W. H. Cronyn in the affirmative, and Messrs. S. Woodroffe and E. H. Capp for the negative. The idealism of chivalry was beautifully pictured and its effect on the actions of individuals during the rudeness of the middle ages was strongly contrasted with the selfishness of the present. Against this mental picture of past peace on earth it was successfully maintained that the present lines of conduct are due to the progressive spirit of the age and in keeping with the same.

ADAM RUFUS.

Trinity Talk.

THE Literary Institute election came off on Friday, March 10. The results were as follows: President, F. DuMoulin, B.A.; 1st vice-president, J. Chappell, '93; 2nd vice-president, J. C. H. Mockridge, '93; secretary, H. Carleton, '93 (acclamation); treasurer, V. De Pencier, '95; librarian, H. B. Robertson, '94; curator, P. O'Reilly, '95 (acclamation); ex-officio, H. N. Sanders, '94. It was decidedly a victory for the progressive and "sporty" men, and accordingly much general satisfaction is felt. The right men were elected to the right place, men who are thoroughly in touch with the times, and men who will carry with them to their posts the same energy and college spirit which they have shown at all times in every sphere of university life. Mr. DuMoulin was elected by a two-thirds majority. The officers of the Institute for the past year deserve the highest praise for their really remarkable work. Especially is this due to Mr. Powell, the treasurer. Starting his term with a heavy deficit, not only was the deficit made up, but a neat sum was left in the treasury to hand over to the treasurer for 1893-94. Mr. Powell was elected to his office on account of his executive abilities, and he has more than fulfilled all expectations. He has given the Institute just cause to be proud of his work. Then again, the council are to be congratulated for the admirable way in which the meetings were conducted. The attendances have been large, the subjects for debate happily chosen, and an unusual interest sustained. For all this we have to thank the council of 1892-93. Mr. Troop, B.A., also deserves especial praise for his faithful work. He has devoted a great deal of time and attention and has left behind him most marked results.

The elections were as lively as ever. Campaign speeches, class yells, songs and hustlings, all the usual accessories to college elections, including the triumphant marches of the successful party around college, and last but not least, the suppers. Long after midnight the refrains of some rollicking chorus floated over the quads until the old familiar cry, "Faculty! Faculty!" made even the stoutest fly for life, and at length quiet reigned and the elections for 1893 had passed into history.

The class of '95 are about to take decided steps toward forming an Alumni Society. Of course every graduate is supposed to be a member of Convocation, and thereby to have an active interest in the university. But it has long been felt that there was a need of a society nearer to the hearts of the men; of a society that would appeal more directly to the graduates, whereby old interests, old friends and the old life might be kept fresh and green. Undoubtedly an Alumni Society would do this in a way which Convocation cannot do. It would be a society for the younger blood. Every graduate, by means of the corresponding secretary, would be kept in touch with the life and interests of his alma mater in a more direct way. While Convocation would have to do with the business side of the university, the Alumni Society would have as its field the social side. It would mean "a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether" for Trinity in everything which she undertakes by her graduates all over the world. It would co-operate with Convocation. The matter will be brought before the Faculty for their sanction and approval.

The Banjo Club concert, in aid of the Athletic Association, will be given in Convocation Hall on April 18. The object is a worthy one and should receive loyal support both from all friends of the University and also from all sportsmen. The immediate object is to secure a cricket professional for the coming season. The Banjo Club are practicing hard, and will present their fine new club pieces besides encores. The Guitar and Mandolin Clubs will give special selections. They will be ably assisted (instrumentally), by Miss Sophie Ridley of Hamilton, who will make her first public appearance as a violinist. Her playing has been most favorably commented on by all who have had the pleasure of hearing her, and some even go so far as to compare her favorably with Miss Clench. Dr. H. Crawford Scadding will be our chief vocal attraction and his singing is too well known for comment; he will be assisted by Mr. Mockridge and other well known amateurs. Steps are being taken to secure the services of several first-class professionals. Altogether the concert promises to be a first-class one in every respect and should be well supported. It is hinted that the men in residence will put forth extra efforts to help in entertaining their friends after the concert. Further particulars will be given in the press advertisements.

RED AND BLACK.

Queen's College News.

THE College Missionary Association's farewell to Dr. and Mrs. Scott took place in Convocation Hall on March 7. Rev. Mr. Mackie of St. Andrew's occupied the chair and spoke briefly of Mr. Scott's career. During the evening short addresses were given by Rev. Mr. England of Williamsburg and Principal Grant. Mr. Neil MacPherson, vice-president of the association, gave a short sketch of the work being done, and President Drummond followed by reading a farewell address to Dr. and Mrs. Scott. Miss Allen, president of the Y. W. C. A., then presented the doctor with a pocket case of medical instruments and Mrs. Scott with a lady's companion. Dr. Scott replied, briefly referring to his happy sojourn at

Queen's and to his intended sphere of labor in Ceylon. During the meeting the proceedings were varied by a very well rendered quartette, contributed by Messrs. Carmichael, Purdy, Stewart and Lavelle.

Dr. Scott goes to Ceylon well equipped for his work, having graduated in arts, medicine and divinity here, and having taken a special course in an American missionary training school. Mrs. Scott (nee McCallum) will prove a worthy helpmate to her husband, not only in his domestic sphere but also in a professional way, being herself a graduate of the Women's Medical College here, and also having taken a course in a missionary training school. Their field of labor will be Jaffna, Ceylon, whither the prayers and good wishes of a host of students and other friends follow them.

The annual meeting of the Arts College Y. M. C. A. was held on March 10, the president, Mr. J. R. Fraser, in the chair. Mr. W. W. Peck, delegate to the convention at Montreal, reported, and considerable discussion ensued over some points in the constitution. A resolution to allow associate members to vote in the election of officers was defeated. The chairman of the different committees then reported. Mr. D. R. Drummond for the prayer meeting, Mr. W. H. Wilson for the membership, and Mr. Colin Campbell for the religious work committee. Thirty-nine members were added this session from the freshmen year, and Sunday services were conducted regularly at the General Hospital and House of Industry. The election of officers then took place and resulted as follows: President, D. McGaudier, '94; vice-president, W. H. Wilson, '94; treasurer, H. Frier, '95; recording secretary, G. R. Lowe, '94; corresponding secretary, James S. Watson, '95; librarian, Ed. Taylor, '96. The reports of the retiring officers and the appointment of the standing committees were left over for a subsequent meeting.

The men of divinity hall are preparing for their annual dinner, not by fasting but by appointing energetic committees to arrange the details. "The true essentials of a feast are fun and feed," says O. W. Holmes. Clergymen are generally relied upon to fulfil the latter part of the statement, and are generally not very far behind in fulfilling the former, in spite of the sombre tone their garb always lends, and we believe that many of the patriarchs of divinity hall will make a record at the approaching dinner which will satisfy (or terrify) any congregation that may extend a call to them. I refrain from exposing them by mentioning their names.

The lecture in Convocation Hall on Sunday, March 5, was delivered by Professor Watson of Queen's, his subject being the Book of Ecclesiastes. The line of thought pursued was that a pessimism, such as is displayed by the writer of this book, bears on close examination strong testimony to the principle that all things declare the love and goodness of God. Professor Watson closed with an earnest appeal for noble and unselfish lines on the part of our young men in Canada. The foes against which we have to contend are not Science, Art, and Philosophy, but sordid aims, faction and sectarianism. Many of those present will study this address with fresh delight when it appears in pamphlet form in the spring.

Several students are laid up just now with a form of malarial fever. Amongst those making a reluctant visit to the Hospital are: F. L. Walker, president of the A.M.S., MacDonald and Fortescue of the Arts, and Ruttan and Scribner of the Medical College. We are pleased to note, however, that nearly all of them are on the mend and will soon be about again.

Mr. Nelles Ferguson has returned from a short visit to the Queen City, whither he went as chaperone to the Limestone Hockey team on its recent trip. "Fergie" looks much better after a week's release from steady application to his studies, and comes back determined, no doubt, to sweep everything before him at the approaching exams. Some of the men are a little dubious as to whether he really required the relaxation just now, and insinuate that there was another attraction besides the well known purity of Toronto water.

Vice-president Mowat occupied the chair at the A. M. S. meeting last Saturday night. The docket of business was light and the fifth session of the Mock Parliament was soon begun. The most important question on the order sheet was the report of the royal commission on the conduct of member Hodge. The report presented by Premier Hugo exonerated the honorable member from all blame in the matters referred to the commission, and he was received into the government camp amid

great rejoicing. The last session of the present parliament will be held on March 25. RED, BLUE AND YELLOW.

A Popular Style of Architecture



Visitor—So you are going to build a house in the suburbs? What sort of a dwelling shall you put up?
Host—Well, I examined the Renaissance, Queen Anne, and other designs, but finally decided on the Colonial plan.
Host's Son—Why, papa! you told mamma you were going to build it on the installment plan.—Puck.

The Good Citizen.

The good citizen does not keep a dog. He does not wear side whiskers. He keeps his children in the country or in the attic. His conversation on the cars is not punctuated with the words "deal," "ten thousand dollars." On the cars he does not stare into the poor woman's purse. He does not keep a dog. He does not act so religious on Sundays that his neighbors hasten to embrace paganism. He does not furnish his boy with an air-gun and with letters of marque to prey upon the lives of his neighbors' children. He rightly mistrusts his own boy more than any other boy on the street. He never stands in the door of the elevator. He does not run to you with trumped up falsehoods about your boy. Such is the good citizen. It is unnecessary to say of such a man as this that he does not keep a dog.

Professional Etiquette.

First A. D. T.—Whadjer mean runnin' like dis?
Second A. D. T.—Hully chee! D' ye s'pose I'm goin' to let meself freeze? I'm runnin' to keep warm.
First A. D. T.—Rats! Can't yer find a warm gratin' ter stand on?

IT'S A DOSE OF THE GREAT SHILOH'S CURE. TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE. 25c, 50c & \$1.00. Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. Sold by Hargreaves Bros.

PROF. DAVIDSON. The well-known chiropodist has returned from his trip. Those who are suffering from Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Toe Nails will find him at his Residence, 351 Jarvis Street.

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THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT. 8 and 8 Jordan Street. This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALLES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

THE BOYS SAY "PARISIAN". That the finest laundry work in this city is done at the 67 to 71 Adelaide St. West. Branches—93 and 729 Yonge St. 'PHONES 1127, 1496 and 4681. And what the boys say "GOER." TRY IT AND SEE.

BUY THE Celebrated Lehigh Valley COAL. FROM THE LEHIGH COAL CO. GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street. BRANCH OFFICES: 818 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y.

At Old McGill.

THE McGill Mining Society held their last meeting for this season on Friday, March 3, when a most interesting paper was read by Mr. Smith of the Ingersoll Rock Drill Company of St. Henri. There was quite a large attendance. On Saturday, March 4, the members of the society went out to the shops of the company and inspected them.

Things around the college are rather quiet now, as the exams are coming so soon. The exams in science and arts are on for the end of March and the beginning of April, while the med. got into the mill about March 10. The results of the "aups." are out. Everyone got through—at least everyone you ask did; nobody seems to have been plucked.

The hockey club has finished its practices, as the matches for this season are over, and in fact the weather has been so mild lately that it keeps so much longer the rinks will very soon be altogether closed. The hockey team of the First-year Science met the team of the Collegiate Institute on Saturday, the match resulting in a draw, one to one, being the same score as was made by the Arts first-year team.

The McGill Y. M. C. A. meetings every Sunday afternoon in the Y. M. C. A. building in Dominion Square have lately been better attended.

A book with the photos of the various faculties, graduating years, buildings, etc., is being got out by Walford, the photographer, which will be sold for about \$1.50 to \$2.50, and will be a nice little remembrance for the graduates and others to carry away from old McGill with them.

The Teck prize in machine work will be contested for this week: the fitting together of a hydraulic dynamometer will be the examination. All the parts will be supplied to the candidates, who will have to fit the whole machine together.

The elections for the members of the Athletic Association will take place next week. Every year is busy canvassing for their own particular candidate.

A meeting of the Lawn Tennis Club was held the other day for the purpose of electing the new members. The officers were elected in October. Although McGill is not open during the cricket and tennis season, there are McGill Cricket and Tennis Clubs, formed of the graduates and undergrads, of McGill University, who have the use of the McGill grounds.

The Wilkate medals will be contested for in the gymnasium on the coming Saturday and Monday. A pretty good exhibition is expected. The classes have been held every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday since October and have been pretty regularly attended.

A final meeting of the Glee Club was held last week, at which the secretary's report was read, showing the club to be in a very flourishing state.

The McGill Fortnightly has some very good drawings and photographs of the various buildings. We compliment our leading artists on their good attempts.

The exams, in law were held a few days ago, but as the results are not published yet we cannot tell which of the jolly "lawyers" have passed.

Art and Artists.

M. R. J. W. L. FORSTER'S paper on Artists and the University was well received by the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening last. In the discussion which followed, Mr. Bell Smith paid a tribute to the scholarly work of many British artists in support of Mr. Forster's advocacy of higher art education. Mr. Ernest Thompson endorsed fully the suggestions of the paper. Mr. Sherwood, Mr. R. Y. Ellis, vice-president of the Ontario School of Art, Mr. Alan Macdonald, and Mr. Arthur Harvey, President of the Institute, discussed ably many of the arguments advanced. It is hoped the adoption of means to provide artists of this and future generations with the privilege for which Mr. Forster pleads will not be very far in the distance.

The Committee of Galbraith's Academy will hold their first annual At Home in the Academy and Guild parlors on Tuesday, April 4, from three to seven o'clock. There will be a large exhibition of paintings by our best artists. The reception will be held in the large drawing-room. Refreshments will be served on the landing of the first floor, while the orchestra will be stationed on the landing of the second floor. The floral decorations are in charge of an active committee. The At Home will be under distinguished patronage, and there will be about four hundred invitations.

The following paintings, purchased for the national collection by the Academy at the Montreal exhibition, were omitted in last week's announcements: Mrs. Reid's Chrysanthemums, Mr. Brownell's Lamplight, and Mr. Fraser's Water Color.

The members of the Toronto Art League have reason to congratulate themselves on their flourishing condition, as shown by the favorable reports presented at the annual meeting on Tuesday evening last. In reviewing the past year's work in his address the president, Mr. R. Holmes, expressed his regret at the loss of so many valuable members by their removal to wider fields in New York and other large American cities, and this material reduction in the membership had at one time seriously threatened the League's interest. However, during the past four months many new names have been placed on the roll, and the prospects are bright for another successful year. The successful issue of an Art League souvenir calendar at Christmas, which met with so much favor at the hands of the art loving public and placed a handsome surplus in the League treasury, has encouraged the members to decide to make this production an annual one henceforth, and the members are already preparing designs for the calendar of 1894. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, R. Holmes, acclamation; vice-president, Mr. J. D. Kelly; treasurer, Mr. D. S. Thomson; recording secretary, Mr. F. H. Bridgen; corresponding secretary, Mr. W. W. Alexander.

The portrait of the late R. G. Dalton, Q. C., Master in Chambers, by Mr. Grier was hung in Chambers at Osgoode Hall on Monday.

Miss Florence Carlyle of Woodstock, Ont., who has been studying art in Paris for nearly three years, was recently invited to the British Embassy by Lady Dufferin to an afternoon tea. A year ago Lady Dufferin and her daughters opened an exhibition of painting in Paris, at which were several pictures done by Miss Carlyle. A Street Scene, and Miss Carlyle's own portrait, painted by looking in a mirror, she greatly admired, and asked for an interview with the artist. She was delighted when she found Miss Carlyle was from Canada and congratulated her upon her beautiful work. Lord Dufferin studied at the same school, Julien's, under Constant. Lady Dufferin is greatly interested in a painting that Miss Carlyle is now at.

Castor & Pollux.

Judge Pennybunker of Harlem is a little cranky on the subject of heathen mythology. Whenever he has a chance he imparts this information to his friends, no matter whether his friends like it or not. In self-defence these friends conspired to suppress him the very next time he undertook to pump any more mythological lore into them.

An opportunity occurred not long since. He came into the back room of a saloon where a select coterie were mitigating the vigor of a prevailing blizzard with hot Scotch. The subject under discussion was the cultivation of the castor oil bean in the South.

"The ancient Romans used to swear by Castor & Pollux," interrupted Pennybunker. "Is that the name of a law firm?" asked Gus De Smith.

"Don't show your ignorance. Pastor and Collick were two heathen gods," said Hostetter McGinnis.

"No, gentlemen, they were not gods, only demigods."

"Both of 'em!"

"Yes."

"Damogod is half a god, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then am I to understand, Judge Pennybunker, that Castor & Pollux were one heathen god or how is it, anyhow?"

Pennybunker was somewhat mystified, but he replied that they were twins.

"Both of 'em!"

"Yes, both of them. They were the sons of Zeus or Jupiter."

"Both of 'em!"

"Zeus and Jupiter are the same."

"Both of 'em!"

"Mr. DeSmith, I wish you wouldn't interrupt me with silly questions. Castor was famous as a boxer."

"Wonder if that's the reason they say he shed his castor into the ring?" enquired Jones.

"I dare say it is. Castor & Pollux first distinguished themselves in the hunt of Lacedaemonia boar."

"Times are changed. Now the bores hunt people," observed Gus.

"They afterwards rescued their sister, who was abducted by Theseus."

"How do you know she didn't elope with Theseus?" asked Hostetter McGinnis.

"Because Homer says otherwise."

"That's all right. I didn't know you had a living witness. What else did the twins do?"

"They were mentioned in connection with the expedition of the Argonauts."

"Forty-niner's, were they? Well, I don't believe it. You said Jupiter was their father and died more than two hundred years ago."

"It's no such a blank thing. I'll leave it to Judge Pennybunker," exclaimed Gus.

"All right, Judge; when did Jupiter die?"

"I don't know."

"Humph! I thought you knew him personally, but go on. We want to get through with Castor & Pollux. What else did they do besides going to California?"

"They engaged in war with King Mycenae, of Lacedaemonia, and Castor was killed."

"Killed by a piece of shell?"

"I don't know, but they were afterwards changed into stars."

"But awhile ago you said they were sons. Now don't try to tangle us up, because we are not personally acquainted with Jupiter and the rest of them."

"The stars are called the Gemini."

"I suppose that's the reason the ancients swore by them. We swear by Gemini, too, or some other god. If you have any late intelligence about Mars or Venus, just trot it out."

But he had gone. Somehow or other Pennybunker got the idea into his head that the sudden yearning for mythological data was somewhat artificial in its nature.

So he took up his hat and went out, leaving a glass half full of hot whisky toddy.—*Texas Sitings.*

The Drummer's Story.

The drummer had heard several very interesting stories, and finally someone suggested that he tell one himself.

"I'll do it," he said, "and one of my own experience some years ago in New Mexico, and I want to say here that I have an affidavit that goes with this story if anybody disbelieves it. We were going along in the stage one day, when all at once popped two masked men from the chapparal, and in a minute or two we tumbled out of the stage and stood along in a row with our hands up. There's no need to go into particulars, as these fellows went into our pockets; suffice it that in a few minutes a transfer of property had taken place, we were hustled back into the stage and the driver ordered to get along fast. We were all congratulating ourselves that we had got off with our lives, and in some instances that a few dollars had been overlooked by the

highwaymen, when dashing after us came the robbers, and we were stopped again, and this time we were badly frightened. As soon as the stage stopped one of the men rode up, and, pointing his gun at me, asked me to step outside a minute. To say that I was scared doesn't half express it. I wouldn't have insured my life for \$50,000 for a cent less than \$49,999.75 premium, but I stepped out. I was one in the party to whom a few dollars had been left. In fact, there was \$250 there in my sock, and about twenty-five dollars in a small pocket in the lining of my coat. The robber was polite.

"I am sorry to trouble you," he said, "but I believe I got this paper from you," and he handed me a note for two hundred dollars at four months, which one of my customers had given me in part payment.

"Yes, I said, 'you did. Is there anything the matter with it?'"

"No," he replied, "I think we can collect it, but you will observe that it has four months to run. The interest for that time at ten per cent., our usual rate out here, is \$6.66, and if you can kindly fish out of your clothes, say \$6.65, I don't care about the change, you will do me a favor. I am sure in the hurry a few minutes ago we left you something, or perhaps you can borrow it from some of your friends who were not thoroughly searched. Be in a hurry, please."

"And wasn't I in a hurry? I went through the crowd myself, and gathered together small change enough to make \$6.70, which I handed over, and the robber thanked me and rode off, and that evening when we reached our destination I blew in that \$25 in my inside pocket on the crowd."

"Let me see the affidavit you said goes with that story," remarked the hotel clerk, as the drummer finished, and he brought forth a paper that was so soiled and worn it could scarcely hold up its own weight.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Too Much.

"James, have I ever failed in my duty as a father?" said the gray-haired man, with an anxious look on his face.

"No, father," answered the young man.

"I have supplied all your real wants, helped you in your studies, got you out of scrapes and taken an interest even in your amusements, have I not?"

"Why, yes. Certainly."

"I don't claim that I've done any more than my duty, but I have not done any less than my duty, have I, my son?"

"No."

"No, I don't think I have. And if I should ask you to make a slight sacrifice for the good of the family, you would acquit me of having any selfish motive, or of wishing to do anything contrary to your best interests, would you not?"

"Why—er—of course," said the youth, somewhat mystified, "but what does all this—"

"I am not given to anticipating trouble," the elderly man went on, with the anxious look deepening on his face. "I am no calamity howler, and I try to look at the bright side of things, but I see now—way out of the difficulties that beset me now—unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you help me out, my boy! In the financial operations in which I am now engaged I am straining every nerve, employing every cent of my capital, and even pushing my credit to its utmost limit. I could not weather the storm if called upon to invest a large sum in extensive building operations. It may be a sacrifice for you, James."

"But what can I do?" exclaimed the bewildered young man. "How can I help you out of the—"

"How can you help me out? Listen, my boy! This house has sheltered us from your earliest recollection. It has been a good home for us all. It has been amply large for all the purposes of home—until lately. But the time has come when one of two things must be done! Either I must build a larger house, or—"

"Or what? Speak, father!"

"Or you must give up your amateur bicycle racing! The house won't hold any more of your prizes."—*Chicago Tribune.*

He Insulted the Man Who Had Saved His Life.

"The pessimism of some men is simply astounding," said a visitor to a reporter.

"Why, I know a fellow who actually insulted another man for saving his life. The way it happened was this:

"A devilish bright but knockabout sort of a chap named Whittaker was one day sitting on the veranda of a country hotel in a South-western town chatting with a number of friends. Someone happened to call him by name, and an old white-whiskered gentleman standing near by came waltzing up to the crowd, and holding his hand out to Whittaker, said:

That Accounts for It.



Chumby—Why, money flows through his hands like water. Fellowman—A spendthrift, eh? Chumby—No; he's a counter in the United States Treasury.—*Judge.*

"Is your name Whittaker?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Ain't you little Willie Whittaker of Balesville, Ark.?"

"Yes," again.

"Well, don't you remember the time you fell off a flatboat into the river about twenty years ago, and how you'd 'a' got drowned if I hadn't dived in and saved you?"

"Yes," Whittaker said, "I do, you old fool. What good did it do? I've been playing poker for twenty years and never won a cent. I've been kicked and cuffed over fourteen states, and I'm out of a job now. Good-bye." And the really indignant Whittaker slumped off down the steps, leaving his innocent benefactor aghast with surprise.—*St. Louis Republic.*

A Cunning Rogue.

I had been at the little mountain hotel for a week, and every day had listened to a sweet tenor voice singing old hymns with so much melody that my ears were always hungering for more. But of the singer I never caught a glimpse.

"Who is he?" I enquired of the landlord one day.

"He? Oh, he does sing pretty, for a fact. There he comes now, stranger."

He was not singing as he passed hurriedly without looking up—a choreboy, but very pleasing in appearance. I turned to the landlord.

"Is he in your employ?"

"I expect he is, stranger. The women folks keep him busy running errands, and they like to hear him sing—the scamp."

"What is wrong with him?"

"Steals everything he can lay his hands on."

He related numerous instances of Jimmy's dishonesty, the youth escaping punishment on each occasion through his innocent face and sweet voice.

"Send him up to my room," I said, "I want to hear that voice at close range."

"He will steal your blind."

"I'll risk it."

"But he took a gent's gold spectacles off his nose without being detected."

"He'll not steal from me."

"Don't be too sure, stranger!"

But I was sure—so sure that I secreted everything of value, and determined not to take my eyes off the young man while he was in the room.

He came, but when asked to sing he hesitated.

"I haven't any book," he said, "and I don't know the words—only the tune."

I was prepared for that and had taken out of my trunk a little hymn-book which I always carried with me, a choice collection of dear old hymns in a dainty binding.

Then Jimmy sang for me, and I never again expect to hear such singing this side of heaven. His voice was like a girl's soprano, fresh and pure and full of religious fervor. When I could hear it no longer—for its sweetness was akin to sadness—I dismissed him with a fee. I did not see him again. When about to leave in the morning I enquired for him.

"What did he get away with?" asked the landlord.

"Nothing," I answered quickly, "there was nothing for him to steal, except—by Jove!" as a sudden thought struck me, "he did steal it, right under my own eyes, too!"

"Your watch?"

"No, indeed. My hymn book."—*Detroit Free Press.*

As To Tongues.

"Curious thing," said Dawson. "A wagon-tongue never wags while a woman's tongue is always a waggin'."

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Continued from Page One.

Won't meet their death under mysterious circumstances, made very poor reading for sensationalists. Even if the half-witted woman did kill her mother and child, and if other children had met death either from neglect or violence, their blood seems to me to be left on the people of the locality as much as upon the hands of the degraded woman herself. Just think of it! A hovel no bigger than a small bed-room, built of pine boards through which the winds whistled in winter, for it was unplastered by anything but newspapers, so press reports tell us. In this dreadful place, filthy and unfurnished, lived an old woman almost a centenarian, some half-witted young men, their sister Jennie, and at various times several illegitimate offspring of hers. This spot was visited by men inexpressibly low in morals and manhood, and the whole countryside knew of it. The woman was sent to the Mercer Reformatory and then returned to her home—if such a hovel can be called a home—and her degraded ways.

Such an ulcer on the face of the community may be regarded with detestation, but is it not right to ask what were the good people of that locality doing to cure it? As it is everywhere else, it was nobody's business. A county constable when he had some official excuse occasionally paid the hovel a visit, and some neighbors were kind enough now and then to prevent the wretched family from starving. The question which should be asked by every reader of such horrible accounts as we have had is, what are civilization and Christianity doing for the eradication of such places? Constables and Mercer Reformatory and occasional alms can not reclaim either dull-witted or bright-witted victims of hereditary and customary vice. Who is making sacrifices to save such people, and how is it to be done? Surely some scheme can be devised that for a score of years such helpless people in such a pestilential place may not exist, until the whole country is horrified by the thoughts of a tragedy which, no matter whether it was caused by accident or violence, is a reproach upon those who practically ignored their duty and forgot that every man and woman is counted our neighbor.

Another example of the heartlessness of the means provided for caring for the unfortunate, was the arrival at the Union Station here of an octogenarian, blind and almost helpless, who was being shipped from town to town because no corporation saw fit to take care of him. Ottawa had sent him to Kingston, and Kingston had sent him to Toronto, and here he was provided with a ticket back to Kingston, and if he dies on the way I suppose civic authorities will refuse to have his corpse taken off at the station until the health authorities finally bury him to prevent him creating a public nuisance. Of course it is not Toronto's business to take care of the indigent of Ottawa or the paupers of Kingston, but should not our provincial Government provide a home for such people and assess the cost of their maintenance upon the locality which can be proved to have been their place of residence? Very few people are aware of the large number of sick and indigent paupers who are thrust upon Toronto by outside municipalities. Toronto does right to refuse to be made a dumping ground for these unfortunates, yet what machinery is being provided to prevent these people from wearing out the rag end of a diseased or pauperized life hanging on to the seat of a second-class car, gazing out of the window at the fine farms and the blue sky, and wondering if humanity has no pity and heaven no help for their miseries. If as in the example quoted, he is blind and helpless, listening to the voices of those around him and hearing no word of sympathy and feeling no wafting ray of hope, can we think our civilization complete?

It is quite easy for us to say that these unfortunates should have been provided for their old age. Many of them have been as industrious and much more honest than people who are comfortable, than people who are rich. Their miseries are a warning to others, but the fact that such paupers are alive, that they are human beings, should impress us with the fact that God made them and that He probably sees

as much use for them as He does for us. People often wonder why the fate of So-and-so should be to die so young, why some other man should live to be so old, why this man should be born so rich or that man so poor. My chief wonder is that any of us were born at all. As to our duty to one another, after we are born and while we continue to encumber the face of the earth, as most of us do, there can be no doubt. We must all do our share to prevent poverty and vice. But even then we are not through. Either as individuals or members of a community we must contribute our share to the relief of all such as are unable to take care of themselves. As individuals we are almost sure to do it carelessly and inadequately, therefore the organized community must care for the waifs, old and young, who have nobody to care for them. Nor must we be too narrow, too punctilious in our judgment as to who should care for them. Those next of kin may be expected to do it. If they do not, they should be forced to do so if they are able; but if they do not do it, organized society must do it. That furious fate will follow upon the heels of those who neglect their kinspeople and despise their aged parents or helpless children is the history of the world, and such pursuit cannot be much easier to bear than the curse of the damned. So in like proportion must the nation, the community, the individual, be under the ban of heaven if it disregards its sacred obligations. DON.

Canada and Canadians at the World's Fair.

"SUPPOSE you are going to the World's Fair?" How many times in twenty-four consecutive hours we are asked this question, and how many of us answer, "Well, I guess so!" Perhaps we have not the slightest intention of going, but then you know, it is just as well to give an evasive answer, at any rate it avoids much unnecessary conversation, for half the people who ask this question do not care two straws whether we go to Chicago or Yokohama—merely something to talk about.

However, I think if my readers had seen what I had the pleasure of seeing a short time ago, many would be tempted to go, if only for the sake of the journey there. I know this is a very broad statement to make, but I am convinced of its truth. The latter half of last week I was in Montreal, and while there was taken to see one of Canada's greatest contributions to the Columbian Exposition. There she stood four hundred feet in length, a lasting monument to Canadian enterprise, ingenuity, industry, pluck, perseverance, and never was such a combination of these qualities ever before embodied in the one object, than here before me. I have often felt proud of my nationality but I verily believe it was one of the proudest moments in my life when I stood gazing there, and thought that this was the work of my fellow countrymen. From that moment no doubt was in my mind how I would travel should I go to the Fair. What was it? Do not be so profane as to designate this magnificent piece of workmanship by such an insignificant little pronoun as "it." There she stood, with her last coat of varnish and paint, all complete, ready to start on her journey to Chicago, and there to be placed in her allotted position, and I have no doubt but that she will be the "cynosure of every eye."

Locomotive, baggage car, second-class car, first-class car, dining car, sleeping car, all constructed by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's employees. The locomotive is of the ten-wheeled passenger type, capable of hauling ten coaches at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and I was informed by the courteous representative of the company who acted as my guide, that the rate of speed is to be attained by all trains on the Chicago route, and that this service is to be inaugurated during the Fair.

I was now moved to inspect the interior of the train. Passing over the baggage car, which is of the standard type, we entered the second-class car. How our parents would have stared in astonishment on being informed that this was only a second-class car! Even I was led to ask my guide if I had understood him correctly. The interior is upholstered in leather, and the seats are so arranged as to be con-

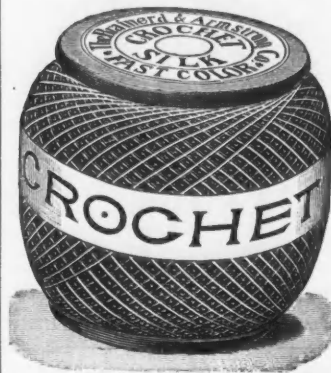
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Judges' Report, Fifty-Eighth National Industrial Exhibition American Institute, 1889

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grasshopper season.

"Well, we were married, and the old man said: 'Bless you, my children, bless you,' and gave us \$200 for expenses and a basket of sour sandwiches. I resolved to go home like the prodigal son and see how the old man was fixed for calf. I found out directly I struck the old homestead. The old man had actually married the girl I left behind me, and when she saw me she flopped right into my arms and murmured: 'Henri! O Henri! Do I again behold my once true love! Where did you pick up that female?'"

Then the governor snatched her out of that recumbent position too quick, but he wasn't any quicker my wife, who immediately lit on me with all the rage of a jealous disposition, and tore out samples of my hair to make a witch chain a mile and a half long. Then she flounced out of the house and took the next train home, and soon after she got a divorce. The old man was hot in the box, too, about the way his girl wife had acted, and he sent her home and got a divorce, but the upshot of the whole matter was I was whip-sawed. The entire outfit shook me, and I found myself once more out in the cold, cold world, friendless and alone without money.

"Git up there, Samuel! The down car passed us ten minutes ago!"

Moore's Musee.

The big feature about the Musee next week will be the guessing contest. Every ticket-buyer will be given a coupon on which to put down the guess as to the number of beans in a bottle. The one coming nearest to the right number will be furnished free transportation to and from the world's fair at Chicago. Read the plan in the advertisement.

The Easter season is now approaching, and those who desire to keep up the pretty custom of sending Easter souvenirs to their friends should see the beautiful Easter exhibit of cards and booklets at the store of Messrs. James Bain & Son. Their stock consists of a very choice variety of these dainty souvenirs, and this season they are certainly prettier than ever.

Romance of a Poor Young Man.

A bobtail car stopped on a siding in a Texas town. There was a long wait. But one solitary, listless passenger inhabited the car. He gazed out of the window at the scenery on the sidewalk—dry-goods boxes and peanut stands.

"I wasn't brought up to whack a mule," said the driver, suddenly putting his head in at the front door of the car and addressing the solitary passenger. "Not!" said the solitary one, interrogatively. "Not much. My history is peculiar. I'm a victim of circumstances."

"Yes," said the passenger affirmatively.

"Yes, you bet. I struck just the wildest and most delirious kind of luck. My father was one of the solid men of Milwaukee. You couldn't pry him off his financial feet with a jack-screw. He was a widower, and I was his heir apparent. But it wasn't apparent long. No, the rose-colored dream evaporated. Just about the time the governor could count up his \$50,000, I fell madly in love with a rattling good-looking girl, and the old man said if I didn't quit paying attention to her he would write up a will which would make my eyes bug out when I came to hear it read."

"What did you do?" asked the passenger.

"I told the governor I'd shift for myself; go West and head out with the country, dig a fortune for myself out of a silver mine, do anything, everything, rather than be dictated to in regard to affairs of the heart. The old man said that was all right, and I pawned my watch and other unnecessary jewelry, and lit out by the light of the silver moon. I toiled and milled daytimes, and at night I would put on an opera dress shirt and sit on the hotel piazza out in Leadville. There I made another man. She was the only dried-up old-maid daughter of a mining store merchant. He had money to throw at the birds. But the girl was homely. O-um! Don't talk. Her face looked like a wilted pineapple hacked with a corn cutter, and her every day hope-to-die-if-it-ain't-true, was thirty-eight and one-half summers, including ten years of steady drought and one

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GALBRAITH—March 9, Mrs. John Galbraith—a son.

ARMSTRONG—March 15, Mrs. F. W. Armstrong—a daughter.

PEGG—March 12, Mrs. W. F. Pegg—a son.

BUCKLEY—March 11, at 39 Howard street, Mrs. Maurice Buckley—a daughter.

HEATON—March 8, Mrs. Ernest Heaton—a son.

MACNAB—March, Mrs. R. F. MacNab—a daughter.

WILLIS—March 9, Mrs. John L. Willis—a daughter.

TAYLOR—March 10, Mrs. Joseph Taylor—a son.

JERMYN—March 8, Mrs. R. E. Jermyrn—a daughter.

FRASER—March 6, Mrs. Alexander Fraser—a daughter.

REID—March 6, Mrs. R. Reid—a son.

ARKSEY—Feb. 2, Mrs. R. A. Arksey—a son.

Marriages.

HOLTON—HOLTON—March 8, Robert Holton to Mrs. W. Holton.

BERGER—KEBLE—March 8, Dr. Adolf Carl Berger to Mary Keble.

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